HENRY MARTYN

APOSTLE TO THE MOHAMMEDANS

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Apostle to the Mohammedans

BY AMY K. LOPEZ

"Now Let Me Burn Out for God"

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To

MY MOTHER,

Whose Prayers Won Me to God

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"A FLAME OF FIRE"

Burning out your young life on the cruel, hot plains of India and the beautiful but torturous hills and vales of Persia; sacrificing yourself on the altar of Arabia's eternal welfare; despised and rejected by those for whom you willingly, yea, joyfully, gave the last full measure of devotion; bitterly disappointed in your love of a woman, but nevertheless admirably gracious and magnanimous and thoroughly Christian through it all—Henry Martyn, how can we pen the tribute to your memory that you deserve? May our youth feel the flaming fire of your ardent spirit is our prayer.

THE PUBLISHERS

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HENRY MARTYN

CHAPTER I

THE LITTLE RED CHURCH

"Now let me burn out for God" are the words which close the entry of May 17, 1806, of Henry Martyn's Journal. He had landed the day before at Calcutta, India, in the hottest part of that city's hot season. Had the choice been altogether his he could have selected no better place to live out this ideal; physically, morally, and spiritually the stage of India was set for the heroic struggles, the persistent toil, the literal burning out of such a life as his.

As he sailed up the Hoogli, which was crowded with boats of every shape and color, he saw Calcutta, the "City of Palaces," stretching out before him. Here was Garden Reach, the quarter where the European officials lived; and there the native town and Eurasian quarters. At this point towered the new Government House recently built by the Marquis of Wellesley, and at that point the Jaggernaut Pagoda, silent witness of a religion that was no longer to hold entire sway of that land.

"What were his thoughts as he viewed the scene before him?" we ask ourselves. He knew its history, and more particularly the conditions which existed at that time. Since the end of the sixteenth century the East India Company had been operating in India, and to England this country had become for the most part a place for the amassing of wealth and the dumping ground for "undesirables."

Among these members of the English community, church-going was regarded as unfashionable. Indeed for many years there had been in Calcutta only one small church, "The Red Church," built at the private expense of a Scandinavian missionary.

In 1786, some years before Henry Martyn's arrival in India, a young man, David Brown, who had gone to India to take charge of the Company's Military Orphan Asylum, offered his services free of charge to the congregation of this church. At this Calcutta society turned up her nose. But she soon realized that this young Yorkshireman with the ruddy complexion was a man to be reckoned with. He had come to India not to acquire wealth, as had so many of his fellow-countrymen, but because there was the touch of the living Christ upon his soul; and the power of his life began to be felt.

He soon made the friendship of Charles Grant, who in 1790 returned to England to occupy one of

the "chairs" of the East India Company's directors. This man who had been noted in Calcutta for his gambling had some little while before been led to Christ, and together Grant and Brown set up a standard for personal living that Calcutta was forced to admire, if at first she scoffed. The attitude they adopted toward the people of India was as large-souled and Christlike as it was unique, for they saw in India's millions a people in whom God was vitally interested, whose spiritual yearnings and struggles were real, and who could be transformed by salvation.

David Brown began to take an interest in the language of the country and to visit the Hindus, and not satisfied with this he and Grant sent home a proposal to clergy and Parliament calling for volunteer missionary schoolmasters. The men to answer this call must be, they said, "Men who are ready to endure hardships and to suffer the loss of all things."

Chapter II

THE CORNISH HOME

One year after the "Memorandum" of Charles Grant and David Brown reached England, in the town of Truro, Cornwall, an undersized boy of seven years of age was admitted as a student in the Truro Grammar School. Physically the boy was unattractive and presented an almost neglected appearance. He was plain of face, with red eyelids from which the lashes were missing, and his hands were covered with warts. But despite this physical unattractiveness, his father, John Martyn, himself a brilliant self-made mathematician, had seen evidences of unusual ability in him and sent him to school at an early age. From his father Henry received not only an intellectual but a spiritual heritage.

John Martyn worshiped at the parish church of St. Mary and was numbered among the "serious" members of the congregation who attended the weekly prayer-meeting. His pastor, Samuel Walker, a man of deep piety, corresponded with John Wesley, who later began his series of visits which were rapidly changing the character of the rough Cornish country.

While these changes were taking place John Martyn brought home a bride who made him the father of another John. The father continued to be a "serious" attender of prayer-meetings, and a cashier in a mercantile office, and beguiled his leisure hours with the study of mathematics. His first wife died early; and so he married again. This time he chose as his bride one of the Flemings from Ilfracombe, a girl of a singularly delicate constitution. A daughter Laura was born to them, and later, on February 18, 1781, a little son whom they called Henry. Two years later little Sally came, and the mother died, leaving without motherly care three children to whom she had transmitted a weak bodily frame. There is no evidence that John Martyn had a nurse for his children, or that there was any other woman who supplied in any measure the care and love of the mother who had died; and so it was in a particular way to his father and to Sally that Henry owed any softening influence he received in those early years.

Truro at that time was a neat little city with narrow cobbled streets. It did not concern itself much with the outside world. There was indeed stagecoach communication with London by way of Exeter, but not many people ventured so far afield. In earlier times its site must have seen the Phoeni-

cian, as well as the Greek and Roman navigator who voyaged to this wild country to obtain the tin of which it was the chief supplier to the then-known world. In Henry Martyn's day the mines of Cornwall were still yielding richly, and there were always ships in the estuary below to carry away the ore. The house in which he was born looked on one side over a garden to the little river just before it emptied itself into the estuary. You could hear the gulls as they called to each other, and there was always that refreshing smell in the air of the salt sea as it lapped the shore. One wonders how much time the boy spent in this garden. Was the river to him only a bright silver band, or did it seem an outlet to the big, unknown world? Did he learn here some lessons of solitude which later made him like to get away from the crowd?

The other side of the house faced the Coinage Hall which was just across the little square into which the street widened at this point. Here John Wesley when he visited Truro would preach to the crowds who thronged the square; and altho he might not have understood all that was said, the plain-faced little boy across the street probably saw this veteran of the gospel and heard some of his messages.

The town was fortunate in its school, which be-

came known as the "Eton of Cornwall"; or perhaps one ought to say it was fortunate in the headmaster of its school, the Reverend Cornelius Cardew, D.D. To boys sent to him he must have presented a formidable appearance, with his big nose and searching eyes which made them feel that he knew all that was going on inside of them. He believed too in not "sparing the rod"; but he turned out men who were making Cambridge and Oxford speak respectfully of the Grammar School in the uncultured Cornish county. When Henry Martyn went to school there were among the older boys some who became famous in after life. There was John Kempthorne, son of Admiral Kempthorne of Helston, who was later to become a clergyman and lord of a manor; and there was Humphrey Davy, the son of a Penzance wood-carver, who even at that time was attracting the attention of his little world by the things he made.

To little Henry Martyn the world had suddenly grown big. Of course his place was not among these mighty ones, but at the farther side of the room among his equals at least in age, for all the boys were bigger than he. The schoolroom was not particularly attractive. At one end was the raised platform on which the principal sat. From here he could look over his domain, and his eyes missed

nothing. Then there were rows and rows of yellow benches with names roughly carved on them. Practically the only decoration the room boasted was above the doctor's chair—a painted wood-carving of a ship, the city's coat of arms.

Henry's troubles began when the smaller boys found out that he had an ungovernable temper. Plucky, he refused to give in in a fight, but far below the average in size he was no match for the boys who enjoyed watching him give way to fits of rage when he found himself helpless. Dr. Cardew's watchful eyes sized up the situation. Already he had been attracted by the boy's evident ability and he placed him under the protection of big, kind-hearted Kempthorne, who became his friend and protector. Under the sheltering wing of the wonderful Kempthorne the little boy continued his school-days. He was none too earnest a scholar at this time and was described as "too lively and too careless to apply himself as some did who distanced him." However, such was his ability in the classics that at fifteen he was sent to compete for a scholarship at Corpus Christi, Oxford. The examiners were divided in their opinion as to whom to award the scholarship, but the majority decided in favor of another boy with whom Martyn was almost equal.

For another year then he sat under the training

of Dr. Cardew and in his spare time rode about with his gun, or visited his cousins and schoolfellows scattered all over the county. The ride to St. Hilary Vicarage, where Counsin Malachy Hitchins lived, was one which he specially enjoyed, and with the children of the home, Tom, Josepha, and Fortescue, some of his happiest hours were spent. It was probable at this time that his "land" became so much to him. Later, so often in his Journal or his letters, he revealed the deep love that he had for the Cornwall that had produced him. He so often longed for those rugged headlands washed by the restless waves.

The last summer in Truro saw him getting close to Nature, shooting, and reading Lord Chesterfield's *Letters*, which left a permanent mark on him in the somewhat ceremonious manners he had all through his life. That fall, his father had told him, he must be ready to start life in the attractive world of the University. More developed than the boy who had failed to win the scholarship at Corpus Christi the year before, he was still very much of a boy—a boy whom Cornwall had produced, small, plucky, intensely emotional, given to periods of irritability which at times would culminate in outbursts of rage, but a boy always governable through his affections.

Chapter III

UNDERGRADUATE DAYS

In October, 1797, there entered St. John's College, Cambridge, as a pensioner, or unassisted student, the Cornish lad whom his tutor somewhat erroneously described as a "quiet youth." Most of the boys of Cornwall attended Oxford, but the beloved Kempthorne had chosen Cambridge instead and had just distinguished himself at St. John's by coming out as senior wrangler; so to St. John's went Henry Martyn.

Tutors did not give individual lessons in those days, but lectured on the books set for the degree examinations. Martyn's tutor, the Reverend Mr. Catton, found that he could do little with his new pupil, who knew nothing of mathematics and was apparently incapable of learning anything. The following story is told by T. H. Shepherd, a second-year man whom the tutor called to help him:

> Mr. Catton sent for me to his rooms, telling me of Martyn, as a quiet youth, with some knowledge of classics, but utterly unable as it seemed to make anything of even the First Proposition of Euclid, and desiring me to have him into my rooms, and see what I could do for him in this matter. Accordingly, we spent some time together, but all my efforts appeared to be in vain; and Martyn, in

sheer despair, was about to make his way to the coach office, and take his place the following day back to Truro, his native town. I urged him not to be so precipitate, but to come to me the next day, and have another trial with Euclid. After some time light seemed suddenly to flash upon his mind, with clear comprehension of the hitherto dark problem, and he threw up his cap for joy at his Eureka. The Second Proposition was soon taken, and with perfect success; but in truth his progress was such and so rapid, that he distanced everyone in his year.

His success, however, was not gained without hard application to his books. Indeed, had it not been for Kempthorne's influence he might never have attained it. Swept off his feet by the freedom of the new life and attracted by the unaccustomed pleasures of the bigger world to which he had come, he bade fair to slip into the habit of leaving his work unprepared as he used to do at Truro Grammar School. "But you must work," said Kempthorne. That was enough. Martyn now applied himself with all the energy of a soul who must enter fully into anything it had undertaken.

College examinations were held twice a year, and when he came out second, instead of first, he was stung to the quick and redoubled his efforts. So hard did he toil that Kempthorne became concerned about him. Such work must, of course, bring results, and at Christmas, 1799, he was able to write his father that he had been first in his college exam-

inations. To the father, who had all along encouraged him in scholarship, this caused great joy; and Henry wrote "it pleased my father prodigiously."

Pleased as his father was for his intellectual success he must have been concerned about his spiritual condition. The sudden outbursts of passion which had been such a bait to the school bullies in Truro had not been outgrown; and in spite of the fact that he was a "lively and cheerful soul" who made friends, he would give way often on the slightest provocation to his uncontrolable temper. On one such occasion he threw a knife at his friend Cotterill, who just escaped, leaving the knife quivering in the panel of the dining hall. Later he wrote of his condition at this time, and altho allowance must be made for the over-critical attitude which he held toward himself there is doubtless a great deal of truth in the following extract:

> The consummate selfishness and exquisite irritability of my mind were displayed in rage, malice, and envy, in pride and vain-glory and contempt of all; in the harshest language to my sister, and even to my father, if he happened to differ from my mind and will. Oh, what an example of patience and mildness was he! I love to think of his excellent qualities, and it is frequently the anguish of my heart that I ever could be so base and wicked as to pain him by the slightest neglect.

Sally, too, was deeply troubled about him. Devoutly pious herself, her brother's condition became a heavy burden to her, and she attempted often to speak to him about his soul. It was, perhaps, some of these attempts which caused "the harshest language to my sister." But she did get him to promise one day to read the Bible for himself; a promise which was soon forgotten, for he wrote, "on being settled at college, Newton engaged all my thoughts." But God was casting another net in which to draw this man of his choice to himself. That Christmas Henry did not go home. The vacation was only four weeks and almost two of them would be spent in traveling. He had heard from Truro too that all was well and that his father was "in great health and spirits." The blow which fell suddenly struck him with greater force. "What then was my consternation, when in January I received from my [half] brother an account of my father's death."

This father had meant much to his boy. He had probably tended him often when other children had their mother's hands to care for them. How eagerly he had followed his career, and how much his encouragement had meant. The death of his mother had come when Henry was too small to understand what he had lost, and most of the wealth of his affectionate soul was poured out on this father

who was such "an example of patience and mildness." For the first time in his life he felt the numbing effect of a great sorrow. He was alone. From the outside came the sound of merry laughter, and the chimes of Trinity sounded on the air, but he was alone. His father was dead. As he looked around him the books to which he had been giving such intense devotion must have seemed empty and vain now. The success for which he had worked so hard and to which he had attained seemed like a mass of cold, grey ashes. It had no warmth to give him, and he found himself shivering before the realities of death and eternity. The scenes, too, when he had been unkind to his father came back with painful vividness. He could now never undo the effect of those words; he could never soothe the pain that their sharpness had caused in the heart that had loved him so. He sat in silence for what seemed an interminable time, then:

> I began to consider seriously that invisible world to which he had gone and to which I must one day go. As I had no taste at this time for my usual studies, I took up my Bible thinking that the consideration of religion was rather suitable to this solemn time.

But he could not keep his attention on it. Again and again he tried, but in vain, for memory was awake and some little incident hitherto forgotten

would stand before him in painful vividness. He must have remembered the day when he had answered his father's gentle admonition with such harshness, or the time when he had pulled away from that restraining hand placed so gently on his shoulder. It was as tho it had happened yesterday. Harried by these memories and being able to find no consolation in the Bible, he was about to turn to other books in which to drown his sorrow when big, quiet Kempthorne came in. We do not know what passed between them but it is likely that Henry Martyn poured into the attentive ears of his friend something of the bitterness of soul he was experiencing. Kempthorne advised him, "Make this time an occasion for serious reflection."

With the same obedience with which he had followed his hero's admonition to work Martyn again took up his Bible. "I began with the Acts as being the most amusing, and when I was entertained with the narrative I found myself insensibly led to inquire more attentively into the doctrines of the Apostles." He started to pray, too, a thing he had not done for many a year. "On the first night after, I began to pray from a precomposed form, in which I thanked God in general for having sent Christ into the world." Kempthorne had lent him one of the favorite religious books of the day, Doddridge's

Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul, and obediently he attempted to wade through it. But it had on it too much of the mark of the eighteenth century. At that time, even men with evangelistic fervor were tainted with the method of reducing everything to a logical order; even salvation must come by one step of conviction following the other in set rank. Henry Martyn, eager for life, read only so far and then rebelled.

He had, by this time, finished the Acts and the Epistles and now began to study the Gospels. "I began to attend more diligently to the words of our Savior in the New Testament, and to devour them with delight." Little by little the dawn began to break in his soul; he realized that here he was coming face to face, not with a creed, but with a Person; not with a cold doctrine, but with a life-giving Source. From the mists of doubt and rebellion there began to appear the radiant form of the Christ, and getting a glimpse of his beauty he fell at his feet and worshiped him.

> When the offers of mercy and forgiveness were made so freely, I supplicated to be made partaker of the covenant of grace with eagerness and hope, and thanks be to the ever-blessed Trinity for not leaving me without comfort.

A change had taken place; and the soul hitherto a slave to ungovernable passion, tho now still tempted,

found itself proving the truth of the words, "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." Four years later Martyn was able to write:

> The work is real. I can no more doubt it than I can my own existence. The whole current of my desires is altered, I am walking quite another way, tho I am incessantly stumbling in that way.

And so "the expulsive power of a new affection" laid hold of his life; and he who had prayed "from a precomposed form" began to learn something of the raptures of communion with his Lord and Master; and as he caught new visions of him gradually he became more and more changed into the same image.

Like calls to like, and Martyn was now to enjoy the companionship of some who had hitherto hardly existed for him. There were in some of the colleges small groups of men who were earnest Christians and who still bore the title of "Methodist." It was among these men that Martyn found many friends. There was such a group at Magdalene, another at Queens', and at King's was John Sargent with whom a beautiful friendship was formed which continued all through his life. But the most outstanding figure in the religious life at Cambridge at that time—in fact some said, in all England — was Charles Simeon, who combined in his striking personality

the bold, intrepid preacher of the gospel and the mystic saint who made it a habit to rise at four o'clock in the mornings to spend the time till breakfast with his "little old quarto Bible." Simeon's opportunity for preaching came when shortly after he had obtained a fellowship at King's he accepted a small living at Trinity Church, where he dared to preach the simple gospel at a time when formal religion was at its height.

His preaching was in as great a contrast to the beautiful, logical sermons of the divines of the day as his spiritual fervor was to their dry formalism. His great earnestness and depth of feeling seemed to Cambridge "lively" but "grotesque"; and it became one of the amusements of undergraduate life to try to spoil the Sunday service at Trinity. To these services the great "unwashed" had been permitted to come, much to the horror of the pew-owners, who locked their pews and stayed at home. But it is said that no matter what disturbances took place at any other part of the service, during the sermon the agitators were forced into silence by the dominant eye and overwhelming power of the man who was willing to be scorned for the name of his Lord. As an old man, Simeon was heard to remark that he had known only two undergraduates "who ever were daring enough to meet my eye."

To the spiritual leadership and that kindly fatherliness of this man Martyn owed perhaps the outstanding influence in his life during those days. With Sally, too, a new comradeship developed, for they were now like-minded; and great were the enjoyment and benefit of the correspondence which he now carried on with this religious little sister.

The greatest test of his spiritual experience came at this time in the preparation for the examination for degrees. Already knowing something of the delights of meditation he was jealous of the time he must give to such all-absorbing subjects as he was studying; yet he still was a scholar and wanted to live up to the title he had earned of "the man who never lost an hour." The year slipped by and January, 1801, came, and with it the final examinations.

One cold morning he passed into the Senate House before breakfast, as the custom then was, to begin the searching test of the finals. He related after, that into his disturbed mind there came the text of a sermon to which he had recently listened—"Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not, saith the Lord." Considerably quieted he entered the room and wrote with a mind "composed and tranquillized."

When the results of the examination were published Henry Martyn, not yet twenty years old,

learned that his long-cherished ambition was realized and that he was senior wrangler. His first reaction to this news was a feeling of keen disappointment that his father was not there to share it with him. "I obtained my highest wishes, but was surprized to find that I had grasped a shadow."

Two months later the degree examination was followed by a more severe test, the examination for the Smith's Prizes. In this also he was successful, and went home for the Easter vacation to an admiring Truro with the honors of senior wrangler and first Smith's Prizeman.

Chapter IV

"I HEARD HIM CALL"

His return to Cambridge after the vacation saw Martyn experiencing a new phase of the life there. He now took pupils; and altho he was preparing for the examination for a fellowship, he was able to enjoy more relaxation, and thus a greater opportunity for developing friendships was presented. The strenuous years through which he had passed as an undergraduate had indeed brought him much learning and success, but they had robbed him of the mellowing influence which belongs to the man who has mingled with other men and has been a friend to them. He now enjoyed the society of many who found him more approachable than they had imagined; and sometimes hours were spent in conversing on mathematics or music—experiences which he did not always relish, as his Journal shows: "From seven to twelve wasted by repeated calls of friends."

He had more time too for the enjoyment of the classics, of poetry, and of music. Relieved from the mathematical grind to which he had subjected himself during the past three years he delved again into the subjects which gave him special delight. We find him writing of enjoying "some choruses of

Sophocles," or "Euripides till very late"; and we are made to marvel at the elasticity of a mind which could so shortly after the highest success in the mathematical field return so easily to the classics and win the first University prize—the Members' Prize for a Latin essay. He had obtained his fellowship a short while before (April 5, 1802).

It was now part of his duty as fellow to share in conducting the college examinations, most of which were oral. It is singular that there is no evidence that he ever conducted an examination in mathematics. Having to do this caused him at first much anxiety, for he "doubted of his fitness," and he was very nervous at the thought of examining before the other fellows, all of whom were older than he. However, when the time came, he did it, as he says, "with great ease to myself and clearness." His Journal reveals that while he examined with "clearness," his mind was often much occupied with the things of another world. For instance, when they were examining in Virgil, the poetical images and the effect of the moonlight shining through the painted glass of the hall he said, "turned away my thoughts from present things and raised them to God."

This trait of otherworldliness was making itself seen in him. He decided to keep his Journal as a means of self-examination, and thus use it to help

him in his growth in grace. Page after page reveals the constant plunging of the ascetic's knife into his daily thoughts and actions. It reveals too the deliberate effort he continually made to get into the immediate presence of his Lord. At first we feel there is almost a strain about this, but little by little as the habit of solitude grew more on him that Presence became more real and communion deeper and more effective.

I walked in the fields and endeavored to consider my ways, and to lift up my heart to God.

* * *

I determined to give all the rest of the day to acts of devotion without going into hall to dinner. So I retired to the garden.

* * *

The sudden appearance of evil thoughts made me very unhappy; but I found refuge in God. O may the Lord . . . make me to find in himself, the source and center of beauty, a sweet and satisfied delight.

What is this world, what is religious company, what is anything to me without God? They become a bustle and a crowd when I lose sight of him. The most dreary wilderness would appear paradise with a little of his presence.

Thus he reveals his innermost thoughts and aspirations with such frankness that we feel like drawing a veil over disclosures too sacred for our eyes.

At the time this desire for solitude was growing upon him there sounded the clarion call to the Chris-

tian ministry through the voice of Charles Simeon. This man had been wont at the gatherings of his special friends to speak often of "the transcendent excellence of the Christian ministry." To none did he make his appeal stronger than to Sargent and Martyn, now close friends. Their reactions were entirely different. To Sargent there seemed nothing more desirable for a life-work than the ministry. He told a friend, "Could I have been assured that it was God's will that I should serve him as a minister, were it to preach to the wild Indians, *nothing* should stand in my way." But his father had decided that he must study law and so fit himself for the position of a Sussex squire; and feeling that this was divine discipline, he obeyed. We are glad to read that later he was able to carry out his own desires.

On Martyn, however, the effect of the call was different. It became exceedingly distasteful to him. His success at the University had placed him in a position to decide his career; his own tastes were for the finer enjoyments of a literary life; and the profession upon which Sargent was entering as discipline appealed to him as most attractive. There was no comparison between it and the ministry. Too well he knew what Charles Simeon had suffered at Cambridge. Must he, too, tread that path? He was yet to learn that self-denial is still one of the require-

HERE HE WANDERED DAY AFTER DAY

ments of discipleship. The struggle continued apparently from sometime in 1801 till the long summer vacation of 1802. At this time he went on a walking tour in Wales, where he climbed Snowdon and then passed on to Woodbury, the restful Cornish home of his married sister Laura.

Here he wandered day after day, steeping his soul in the Book of the Prophet Isaiah, "and from this I derived great spirituality of mind compared with what I had known before." It was here amid the lovely woods which clothe the banks of the Fal Estuary that his decision was reached. The call now seemed paramount; and willingly he responded.

I heard Him call;
Earth's gold grew dim.
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Who would not answer
If they heard Him call?

He returned to Cambridge and told Charles Simeon that he was ready to be ordained and to accept a curacy under him. It was easier to tell his friend than Cambridge at large, however, and he writes, "Was ashamed to confess to ——— that I was to be Mr. Simeon's curate, a despicable fear of man."

But his decisions were not yet over. A life of David Brainerd, that missionary martyr to the Indians of North America, had fallen into his hands;

and Martyn drank deep draughts from the life of this new-found hero of his. The pouring out of Brainerd's life for his "beloved Indians" was the nearest Martyn had yet seen to the life of Christ. As he read there awoke within him a yearning to give his life, as this man had done, in unselfish service for others.

> Read David Brainerd today and yesterday, and find as usual my spirit greatly benefited by it. I long to be like him; let me forget the world and be swallowed up in a desire to glorify God.

Once more it was Simeon's hand that pointed the way to deeper self-denial and a fuller surrender. Charles Simeon had been one of the clergy to whom Brown and Grant had written in 1787 of their proposed plans for Bengal. Their appeal had struck fire in his ardent soul and since that time his interest in the missionary movement in the East had been keenly alive. When Martyn returned in the fall of 1802, Simeon was all aglow with what that father of Modern Missions, William Carey, was accomplishing. With holy enthusiasm he spoke to Martyn of the good that was being done "by *one* missionary in India." These words and the life of David Brainerd gave Martyn enough food for thought through the months that followed; and when the falling leaves around him spoke of death on every hand he buried

forever his ambitions for worldly fame. He decided to offer himself as a candidate to a society recently formed by some of Simeon's acquaintances under the name "The Society for Missions to Africa and the East."

This news affected his little world as tho a bomb had struck it. Friends at Cambridge and in Cornwall alike regarded this step as foolish and unnecessary. The arguments they used against it are still being echoed by some today. From Martyn's Journal we learn that Mr. C. "thought it a most improper step for me to leave the University to preach to the ignorant heathen, which any person could do." Another friend told him that he had "neither strength of body nor mind for the work"; and even Sally was anything but encouraging. She wrote that she thought him unfit for the work since he was lacking in "that deep and solid experience necessary for a missionary."

But he had learned the secret of relying on divine guidance rather than on the opinions of men, and altho there must have been some pain at crossing the wishes of his friends he was determined to "obey God rather than man."

Chapter V

CURATE AT CAMBRIDGE

The time had come for Henry Martyn's ordination, and accordingly he prepared to leave Cambridge for Ely. In those days of lukewarm religion ordination was often regarded as a trivial matter by candidate as well as by examining chaplain. To many who sought holy orders the ministry was just a means of an easy, comfortable livelihood. But among that group who presented themselves in October, 1803, was one who had caught a vision of a Master who "did not come to be served, but to serve others, and to give his life as a redemptive price for many." To Henry Martyn this was one of the most solemn occasions of his life, and reverently he had prepared his soul for it.

Well instructed in the theology of his day he had sought soul-food in other works, and not content with these alone he had given special attention to the Bible. Three times each day he studied and meditated on God's Word, and often on long walks or rides would commit whole books to memory.

I addressed myself with earnest prayer and a strong desire to know and learn the Epistle to the Romans in the Greek.

* * *

Read the Acts this morning with great delight.

Early on the morning of October 22, 1803, he drove to Ely to be examined prior to ordination the following day. His sensitive soul felt "great shame at having come so confidently to offer myself for the ministry of the Lord Jesus Christ with so much ignorance and unholiness." The examination gave him no trouble, but he left the palace "in very low spirits," realizing the weight and difficulty of the work which lay before him.

At dinner he found the other candidates in a light and frivolous mood. He took the opportunity of being alone with one of them to speak seriously to him and to ask him "to read the ordination service, at which he was much affected." Martyn that evening went early to his room, where he spent a long time in prayer, "and besought God to give me a right and affecting sense of things."

The following morning he arose early to have again a long season of prayer before going to the cathedral at ten-thirty. With such preparation he presented himself for ordination, but still dissatisfied with himself. We read:

> During the ordination and sacramental services I sought in vain for a humble heavenly mind. The outward show which tended to inspire solemnity, affected me more than the faith of Christ's presence, giving me the commission to preach the gospel.

After the mid-day meal he walked with great rapidity to Cambridge and went straight to Trinity Church.

The months which followed were crowded ones. Besides his regular duties as fellow and all the other college activities he had to drill the other fellows in what is now the Master's Garden. His pastoral duties were heavy. He had the care of the parish of Lolworth, four miles from Cambridge, and had also to assist in Trinity parish. There must be preparation for Sunday and week-day services and Bible-study classes, visits to cottages, jails, hospitals, and almhouses, and the catechizing of children in the schools. Little did his friends realize what it cost this man, whose whole bent was toward seclusion and study, to live this public life. "The work of visiting the people of Cambridge and reading to and praying with them appeared hateful to me"; but never is there any indication that he failed to do it.

There were many discouragements that came his way. Unaccustomed as he was to preaching, his sermons evidently lacked gripping power and his friends were not slow in telling him so. But with what humility of heart he received their admonitions: "Mr. Cecil has been taking a great deal of pains with me. My insipid, inanimate manner in the pulpit, he says, is intolerable." For perhaps the

first time in his life he saw himself inferior to others. "I began to see (and amazing is it to say) for the first time, that I must be content to take my place among men of second-rate abilities."

Another source of discouragement was the realization that he often talked over the heads of his people. What pain it gave him to know this!

> Nothing pains and grieves me more than this, for I had rather be a preacher of the gospel among the poor, and to the poor, so as to be understood by them, than be anything else upon earth.

So the busy round of duties continued day after day. For relaxation he pored over Persian and Arabic, Hindustani and Bengali. "Finished the Bengali grammar which I began yesterday." Or again, "Finding myself in great stupidity I took up the Hindoostanee grammar, that the time might not pass without any profit."

In the midst of this strenuous life came the sudden news that all that his father had left the family was lost. Sally was still unmarried, and according to the standards of the day would now be entirely dependent on him. The news was disquieting, not only because of the actual loss it involved, but because for him it meant the surrender of his missionary career. The allowance which the Society could afford was a mere pittance, and he could not leave Sally without support. But when the hand of God

is leading a way will appear through the Red Sea.

David Brown was still looking England-ward for help for himself and India, and like-minded Charles Grant, now a director of the East India Company, was scouring the land for men of the right type. Learning that the salary of a chaplain of the Company would be sufficient to support Sally, Martyn after some deliberation (for "I could have been infinitely better pleased to have gone out as a missionary, poor as the Lord and his Apostles"), decided to see Charles Grant about a Bengal chaplaincy.

Many trips to London now followed. There were interviews with Charles Grant in the India House, and in leisure hours visits to points of interest in the city. His tours took in St. Paul's, the booksellers, and the British Museum, and he listened to the Gresham Lectures on Music. He learned too, of the snares set for unwary feet in a large city. "How many temptations are there in the streets of London!" But he had also learned methods of overcoming them. He had made a "covenant" with his eyes and had decided to pray "for any particular person whose appearance might prove an occasion of sinful thoughts."

Then, too, Grant introduced him to the circle of devoted Christians at Clapham Common, among

whom he met William Wilberforce, that energetic leader against the slave trade. He had the pleasure of dining alone with him and "speaking of the slave trade . . . . . and found my heart so affected that I could with difficulty refrain from tears." To Wilberforce, Martyn owed a visit to the House of Commons, "where I was surprized and charmed with Mr. Pitt's eloquence." Another visit which gave him special delight was the occasion on which he breakfasted with John Newton, the counsellor of the evangelicals.

On one of these frequent visits to London Martyn was ordained to the priesthood of the Chapel Royal, St. James's. He had before this taken his Master's degree at Cambridge, and the University now conferred upon him the degree of Bachelor of Divinity. At last he learned that Grant's persistent force had won the day and that after a two hours' debate the House of Commons had agreed to the sending of chaplains to Bengal. Altho Martyn's nomination had not yet taken place Grant told him that "the case was now beyond danger."

So he decided to leave Cambridge for London to be ready when the fleet would sail. On Palm Sunday he preached his farewell sermons at Lolworth and Trinity. At the former place an old farmer "turned aside to shed tears; this affected me

more than anything"; at the latter, after preaching an earnest sermon on "Thou, O my God, hast told thy servant that thou wilt build him an house: . . . . Now therefore let it please thee to bless the house of thy servant, that it may be before thee forever" (I Chron. 17:25-27), the congregation rose from their knees in a body to watch his slight figure pass through them to the vestry.

It was characteristic of Henry Martyn that he must bid farewell to the Fellow's Garden, place of many sacred memories, and we read that he spent "most of the morning there." Thus he passed forever from lovely Cambridge, bearing on him the marks of her cloisters and halls, as he had left on her the touch of a beautiful soul.

Chapter VI

A FINAL RENUNCIATION

Henry Martyn went to London sometime in April, 1805, and for the next few months acted as curate to Mr. Cecil in Bloomsbury. There were profitable months, but busy ones. A good part of the time was spent in the company of the Christians of Clapham; there were the necessary preparations for his journey, and repeated visits to the India House. On one of these visits he and another chaplain were sworn in. He tells us that "all the directors were present" and "Mr. Grant in the chair, addressed a charge to us extempore." One can imagine the contrast that the scene presented. On the one hand the group of directors in powdered wigs and jewels, portly and flourishing, who regarded the occasion as strictly a necessary part of making money in the east: on the other hand, a slender figure clad in black with the light of another world in his eyes. Probably Charles Grant alone on the official side understood what lay before him.

All was now ready, and Martyn sent his luggage on board sometime in June. But those were uncertain days for sailors. The French might cross the Channel at any time and word must first be received from

Nelson before they could set sail; so the fleet waited in Portsmouth harbor. At last on July 16 "the Commodore called at the inn to desire that all persons might be awakened, as the fleet would sail today."

Sargent had followed him to Portsmouth where he found Charles Simeon at the head of a group of friends from Cambridge and London. Simeon had brought with him a remembrance from Martyn's Cambridge congregations, a silver compass, and as his own personal gift, an enormous Bible weighing nearly twelve pounds. At the hour of parting Simeon and he prayed, and they all sang hymns as they went to the ship. He writes that "the time was exceedingly solemn, and our hearts seemed filled with solemn joy."

So he took leave of these friends who were woven into his life and waved what he thought to be a final farewell to the shores of England. His surprize was one of mingled feelings when he learned that the fleet was to go no farther than Falmouth. He was now within easy reach of those nearest to him on earth, and among these was Lydia Grenfell, whom he loved.

It was nine months before that he had discovered it, during that long vacation when he had fought through to victory his call to the ministry. This love must have been growing on him for sometime without

his realizing it, for altho at first she seemed one of the cousins with whom he delighted to ride and play, he had, after his conversion, found in her a depth of spirituality and a knowledge of the ways of God which to a young disciple were uplifting and strengthening. But of a feeling different from that which exists between souls with common interests he apparently had not dreamed.

During that summer he had preached wherever a pulpit was open to him. He had not found opportunity in every place, for the doors of even St. Mary's, where he had been baptized, were closed against one who had imbibed so much of the baneful "Methodism." His old schoolmaster, who had followed his career with pride, now even went so far in his distrust of him that he offered to fill any pulpit that needed a preacher, rather than leave it open for Martyn to fill.

But there were two little churches about five miles from Truro whose pastor was his brother-in-law, and these together with another at Marazion under the care of Counsin Malachy Hitchins were open to him. Here he had preached to crowded houses, and it was in one of these, Counsin Malachy's pulpit, that during the service he had made the alarming discovery. "My thoughts wandered from the service and

I suffered the keenest disappointment. Miss Lydia Grenfell did not come."

Was it just to fill a desire, or was it to test out his feelings that he "called after tea on Miss Lydia Grenfell and walked with her and—conversing on spiritual subjects"? If it were a test, the results could not be doubted: "All the rest of the evening and at night I could not keep her out of my mind. I felt too plainly that I loved her passionately."

The struggle and longings which began that night continued all through the rest of his life. It was impossible for such a man to love half-heartedly. He gave himself with an abandonment that involved his all. But reason reminded him of his missionary call and of the hazardous life in India. Could he ask her to suffer with him?

> The direct opposition of this to my devotedness to God in the missionary way, excited no small tumult in my mind. . . . At night I continued an hour and a half in prayer, striving against this attachment. . . . I endeavored to analyse it. . . Then I read the most solemn parts of Scripture. . . . One while I was about to triumph, but in a moment my heart had wandered to the beloved idol. I went to bed in great pain, yet still rather superior to the evening; but in dreams her image returned, and I awoke in the night with my mind full of her.

He fought it through and the next morning "rose in great peace," and with the decision not to disclose

his love, for he "rode away from St. Hilary." But some time must elapse before he would return to Cambridge, and Marazion was not many miles away. We can imagine that as he wandered about the countryside, or stood on the wind-swept cliffs in sight of the restless waves, everything spoke to him of her.

About a month later, on the Sunday on which he preached his farewell sermon at St. Hilary, he records that he "walked in the evening with Mrs. G. and Lydia up the hill, with the most beautiful prospect of the sea, etc., but I was unhappy, from feeling the attachment to Lydia, for I was unwilling to leave her." The next day he walked to Marazion to say good-by and spent the afternoon with her.

> Reading in the afternoon to Lydia alone, from Dr. Watts, there happened to be, among other things, a prayer on entire preference of God to the creature. Now, thought I, here am I in the presence of God, and my idol. So I used the prayer for myself, and addressed it to God, who answered it, I think, for my love was kindled to God and to divine things. . . . I continued conversing with her, generally with my heart in heaven, but every now and then resting on her. Parted with Lydia, perhaps forever in this life, with a sort of uncertain pain, which I knew would increase to greater violence.

So he turned his back resolutely on Cornwall and on all it held dear to him.

He had gone without breathing a word of his feel-

ings but he was too transparently in love to hide it entirely, and Lydia with a love-affair of her own knew something of the signs. Perhaps it was best that he had not spoken, for at that time she was too morbidly entangled in her own disappointment to give him the wealth of affection he deserved.

Lydia, whose father was Commissary to the States of Holland and eldest brother a Member of Parliament, was the only unmarried girl of the Grenfells, of Marazion. A year before Martyn's decision for Christ she had become engaged to a Mr. Samuel John, a lawyer, and in the same year she had become converted. Finding out that her fiance was a scoundrel she had broken off her engagement, but for years after she still cared for him. She had come to the decision that to love anyone else so long as he remained unmarried would be spiritual adultery. So she hugged this unhealthy affection and tried to find consolation in God. There is no doubt that she suffered and that intensely; and to increase her sorrow her mother forbade her going to the little Methodist chapel where she had found such comfort.

A few months before Martyn's vacation she learned of Mr. John's engagement to a lady in London, and it is an index to the state of her mind that the news gave her some pain. So when Henry Martyn visited her that summer with his love shining

through his eyes, she was not really in a condition to give herself to him; but, hungry for affection, she was deeply touched by his devotion, and she talked the matter over with sister Emma, who had married Tom Hitchins, one of Henry's cousins. The result of this was that Emma, who had always been a favorite of Henry's, told him as he passed through Plymouth on his way back to Cambridge "that his attachment to her sister was not altogether unreturned." He records that this news brought him "both pleasure and pain."

In this mental condition he had returned to Cambridge to take up the added duties of curate. Then had followed the months in London as he waited for the appointment to the East India chaplaincy. It was here that the old wound was opened afresh, for David Brown had written, "Let him marry and come out at once." What was he to understand by this? Was it really God's will for him to tell his love? Not knowing what to do he wrote, asking Lydia through her sister Emma for the privilege of corresponding with her. But Mr. John had delayed his marriage, and no letter reached him.

David Brown's remark had brought up the question of Martyn's marriage, and his circle discussed it pro and con, little dreaming how often they drove new nails into his already bleeding soul. Hardly

did the spirit of submission which he had been drinking in from Thomas a Kempis meet this new need. They differed so much in their opinions. "Mr. Cecil . . . said I should be acting like a madman if I went out unmarried." But "Mr. Atkinson, whose opinion I revere, was against my marrying."

To Simeon he had confided his secret; but apparently few others knew it, for he writes, "The only objection which presented itself to my advisers to marriage was the difficulty of finding a proper person to be the wife of a missionary." Then he adds rather naively that "perhaps I should not have occasion to search a long time for one."

The arguments continued and he suffered accordingly. His Journal is full of it. "To-night I have been thinking much of Lydia"; or "Slept very little in the night"; "How miserable did life appear without Lydia." Then Simeon wrote him a long letter setting forth his reasons for advising him to remain single, and this helped him to a decision. He sent small copies of *Pilgrim's Progress* to Emma and Lydia, and went on board the *Union*.

When the fleet dropped anchor at Falmouth the question was revived. What was he to make of this new occurrence? Why should they have stopped at Falmouth, of all places? Was it that he might correct what was a mistake? At first he decided that

he would make no attempt to see his love, believing that "if it be the Lord's will, he will open the way." On the same day Tom and Emma wrote him and in their letters they mentioned that Lydia was well and that "she is much interested in your welfare . . and never omits mentioning you in her letters." In his answer to these letters a postscript told them that he was taking coach to Marazion.

> I arrived at Marazion in time for breakfast and met my beloved Lydia. In the course of the morning I walked with her . . . with much confusion I declared my affection for her, with the intention of learning whether, if I saw it right in India to be married, she would come out; but she would not declare her sentiments. She said that the shortness of arrangement was an obstacle, even if all others were removed.

The results of this were that "I am enveloped in gloom," and "that I love Lydia more than ever."

He visited her a few more times. On the last occasion, as he was reading to her and her mother the news came without warning that the fleet was ready to sail, and that a horse awaited him. Lydia went out with him that they might be alone. There he told her that if it seemed right for him to marry, she must not be offended to receive a letter from him. "In the great hurry she discovered more of her mind than she intended; she made no objection whatever to coming out," but added, "You had better go out

free." There was no time for anything more. He hastened away, and at noon, after hard riding, reached Falmouth and went aboard the *Union*, which having been entangled in the chains, was the only boat not under way.

The fleet was again detained in the harbor of Cork, and he had a letter from Emma which explained to him the hitherto unknown obstacle of Mr. John. Later he learned that her mother refused to give her consent. It was a blow; and he draws out our deepest admiration by his loyalty to the one he loved. A man of smaller caliber would have at least confided to his Journal some blame of her; there is no trace of this in his, and not even to Emma, his confidante, does he show the slightest sign of reproaching her, for his last letter to Emma before sailing from Cork contains this:

> Whatever others have said, I think that Lydia acts no more than consistently by persevering in her present determination. I confess, therefore, that till this obstacle is removed my path is perfectly clear, and blessed be God! I feel very, very happy in all that my God shall order concerning me. . . . The Lord teaches me to desire Christ for my all in all . . . surely the soul is happy that thus breathes in a medium of love.

Chapter VII

A NINE MONTHS' VOYAGE

In August, 1805, the fleet set sail with Henry Martyn as chaplain. Never was there greater contrast between a congregation and its pastor. He still had about him the academic air of Cambridge; his interests were intensely spiritual and literary, and his soul still so sensitive that he winced at an oath. His immediate congregation consisted of a number of cadets and officials of the East India Company, the crew of the *Union*, and His Majesty's 59th Regiment—in a word, worldly minded young men, hardened sea-dogs, and rough soldiers. There was also the wider charge of the entire fleet, the combined sailing of the East and West Indiamen.

His ministrations, however, did not extend much farther than his own ship, except when the fleet anchored in port. Even on the *Union*, which because of his presence bore the title of "a very praying ship," he was cramped as far as public service was concerned, for the captain gave permission for only one service on Sundays; but Henry Martyn could not be hindered in personal work. We see him visiting bunks where men are rolling in pain, or stopping to encourage the wives of the soldiers

huddled under the hatchway, rebuking some officer for foul language, or receiving into his cabin those who were interested enough to speak to him on spiritual things.

But his services were not always accepted, for filled with a sense of his responsibility and feeling intensely on such subjects as the awfulness of sin and the reality of a judgment and a hell, he sometimes allowed his zeal to outdistance his patience and love.

While Martyn went about performing his duties —and he did not flinch from anything, even to the stopping of a fight below decks—his own soul was passing through a period of deep suffering. It is inconceivable that those early months, during which the *Union* bore him farther and farther from England, could be anything else but months of suffering for him. The physical weakness which had already shown itself in England affected him now, but especially the mental strain of love for Lydia and his having to leave her brought their reaction. He wrote later, "England had gone, and with it all my peace . . . the pains of memory were all I felt."

His sufferings were essentially spiritual, but he had the added discomforts of sea-sickness, fever, and faintness, and no quiet spot in which to rest. In those days of lack of proper sanitation the air below deck was so foul that he could not remain in his

cabin. Fruitlessly he sought rest on deck, for there seemed always to be a crowd, "the soldiers jeering one another and swearing, the drums and fifes constantly playing."

In this state of bodily discomfort his soul was beaten to and fro by the waves of contrary desires. On the one hand his missionary call and God: on the other Lydia and dreams of a restful home and the patter of children's feet. "The world in a peculiar form has a hold upon my soul," he wrote, "and the spiritual conflict is consequently dreadful. . . . I am now in the fire fighting hard." Days of struggling followed, and his soul was assailed with many doubts and many questions. But as the conflict continued to rage, he began to realize what was the only means of victory:

> Beginning to grow quite outrageous with myself and like a wild bull in a net, I saw plainly this was coming to nothing, and so in utter despair of working any deliverance for myself, I simply cast myself upon Jesus Christ, praying that if it were possible, something of a change might be wrought in my heart.

And the change came. As to his frightened disciples in the midst of a storm the Lord walked on the waves to this tempest-tossed child of his, and there was not only a calm but an overwhelming experience of the presence and power of God.

At last the Lord hath appeared for the comfort of his creature. In prayer launched sweetly into eternity.

* * *

Separated from my friends and country forever, there is nothing to distract me from hearing "the voice of my Beloved," and coming away from the world and walking with him in love, amid the flowers that perfume the air of Paradise.

His love for Lydia had not been removed, but it had been purified and deepened. Later he wrote:

Dearest Lydia! never wilt thou cease to be dear to me; still, the glory of God, and the salvation of immortal souls, is an object for which I can part with thee. Let us live then for God, separate from one another, since such is his holy will. Hereafter we shall meet in a happier region, and if we shall have lived and died, denying ourselves for God, triumphant and glorious will our meeting be.

Not only did he learn submission and surrender but a new, quiet faith was born in him which enabled him to say in one of his sermons on the *Union*, "It may be you will still be kept in darkness, but darkness is not always the frown of God; it is only himself—thy shade on thy right hand."

In the midst of this inner tumult his work continued. He never learned to appeal to the crowd, but individuals found that they could confide in him. They came to him with their problems and were not disappointed. On one occasion a corporal who had been convicted of sin slipped a letter into his hand,

and he spent the entire Sunday evening leading him to Christ. There were others too who were won to God: the chief mate, the ship's surgeon, and a Mr. McKenzie, an East India Company officer.

The next stage of the journey was from Madeira to Brazil—a rather unusual route to India, but those were the days when every sail in the distance might be the van of the French fleet, and since their protection was inadequate it was necessary to be doubly careful. During this part of the voyage Henry Martyn spent much time in studying Hindustani, in which he made rapid strides.

So the days slipped by, and at last after some excitement at the appearance of a strange sail on the horizon which they mistook for a pirate's boat, San Salvador was made. For two weeks Martyn lived in what seemed to him a charmed land of sunny skies and orange groves.

Those happy weeks fled all too quickly. He was rowed back to the *Union* by lascars who, keeping the feast of the hegira at this time, chanted Mahomet's praise. The fleet once more set sail this time with the knowledge that the object of the expedition was to capture Dutch Cape Colony from the French. Because of its important position on the way to India this would help to defeat Napoleon's desires for empire in that land. This news caused

Martyn's zeal for the souls committed to his care to increase, if that were possible.

The voyage between Brazil and the Cape was particularly trying. Nerves were keyed up at the thought of the fight that was to be, and dysentery broke out among the men. Martyn himself was attacked with it, but his constant service to others did not cease.

> Had no service below as I was taken up in going to and fro to the sick, of whom there is now a great number . . . the air was so bad and the place withal so hot, being directly under the copper, that it was altogether most intolerable.

Then the captain contracted the disease and died as Martyn was ministering to him.

At last on January 4, 1806, the fleet anchored in Table Bay between Robber's Island and the mainland, and the signal was immediately given for the fifty-ninth regiment to prepare to land. He could not lose this last opportunity of speaking to some about their souls. "I said to Sergeant G., 'It is now high time to be decided in religion.' He replied with a sigh. To Captain S. and the cadets I endeavored to speak in a general way."

In spite of his great desire to accompany his men Martyn was left on board with the women, and from the deck he watched the fight. It opened with the roar of artillery—the Dutch had twenty-three

pieces—and "it seemed as if the mountain itself were torn by intestine convulsions." Then followed a charge by the English with heavy musketry fire and finally the bayonet, before which the Dutch gave way. Martyn on deck straining his eyes to watch, and doing all he could to comfort the women who were in great distress, could stand it no longer. He left the *Union* and went ashore.

On the soft burning sands he saw the wounded writhing in agony and the dead with staring eyes, and then his soul cried out, "Oh! that ambitious men at home could see the agonies of dying men left on the field."

On January 10, the British flag flying from the Dutch fort announced that Cape Town had surrendered and Martyn writes:

> I could find it more agreeable to my own feelings to go and weep with the relatives of the men whom the English have killed, than to rejoice at the laurels they have won. . . . I prayed that the capture of the Cape might be ordered to the advancement of Christ's kingdom.

During the month which the fleet stayed at the Cape, Martyn had the great pleasure of coming in touch with Dr. Vanderkemp, faithful Dutch missionary to the Kafirs. The weeks spent in the company of this godly man and his colleague, Mr. Read, who "so charmed" Martyn "that I fancied myself

FROM THE DECK HE WATCHED THE FIGHT

in company with David Brainerd," were happy weeks indeed, for after the spiritual isolation and opposition on board ship these kindred spirits refreshed him and he "was beyond measure delighted" and "hardly knew what to do." At parting Dr. Vanderkemp gave him a Syriac New Testament as a remembrance.

Before the ship sailed we have a picture of Martyn's figure outlined against the sky on the top of Table Mountain. He and some friends had climbed up to the summit, but he wandered away from them to view the two seas stretching before him and to meditate on God's power. As he looked toward the dawn and India there welled up in him a new rest of soul and, "I felt commanded to wait in silence and see how God would bring his promises to pass." It was this same new-found confidence in God which caused him to write:

> I am born for God only. Christ is nearer to me than father, or mother, or sister—a nearer relation, a more affectionate friend; and I rejoice to follow him, and to love him. Blessed Jesus! Thou art all I want—a forerunner to me in all I ever shall go through, as a Christian, a minister, or a missionary.

The last stage of the voyage was the hardest of all. It was seven months since they had left England, and the thought of the many weary miles

before them cast a gloom on all of them. The storms into which the ship plunged and the consequent seasickness did not tend to improve matters. Long days followed when the ship was becalmed in the Indian Ocean, and the tropical heat began to wear on nerves and energy.

At last after two unpleasant months the *Union* anchored in the harbor of Madras. Martyn immediately hired a servant who spoke only Hindustani and had him take him to his native village. Here with only things Indian around he felt "as if in the dominions of the prince of darkness" and got a foretaste of the spiritual conflicts which lay before him.

Chapter VIII

"INDIA'S CORAL STRAND"

The fortnight in Madras passed quickly, but none too quickly for the man who was all eagerness to end this nine months' voyage and go to his appointed field. At last the *Union* set sail, and after having been driven out to sea by a northwester, entered the Hoogli. When a Government yacht met her and relieved her of the treasure aboard, Martyn went aboard the faster *Charlotte* in the hope of landing earlier.

Calcutta presents a stately appearance to the visitor who approaches her from the sea, and already in Martyn's time much of this splendor was already hers through the administration of the Marquis Wellesley, who had been determined to make her a city fit for the capital of an empire; and it was not only in material ways that this governor-general had made radical changes before he was recalled. It was largely due to his ideals that an opening was made for real missionary work in Bengal.

In Calcutta he had set the example of going to church, and David Brown in the new St. John's Church had a large and fashionable congregation to which to preach. Wellesley had seen the neces-

sity of having trained men as civil servants of the Empire and had erected the College of Fort William, putting it under the care of Brown and Claudius Buchanan, a Cambridgeman who had become Brown's colleague in 1797; and he had engaged Carey as professor of Sanskrit and Bengali. It is to be deplored that at the time of Martyn's arrival in India much of his policy was being undone by Sir George Barlow, whose term of twelve years in India as governor-general is one of the largest blots in the history of the British Empire.

On arriving in Calcutta, Martyn looked for David Brown, but on learning that he was at Aldeen, his suburban home fifteen miles away, he sought and with some difficulty found William Carey, with whom he breakfasted. The meeting between these two would have been an interesting sight for an onlooker—the youthful arrival, with the air of a scholar, and the baldheaded, former shoemaker. But here the contrast ceased, for both were prodigious workers; from both their eyes shone a love that was not human; and both their hearts throbbed with a common purpose. A lasting friendship started that day between these two, for the love of God in their hearts was greater than these small differences. Carey described Martyn later as being possessed of a truly missionary spirit, and further remarked that

"wherever he went no other missionary would be needed."

The entries in the Journal for his second day in India (May 17), show Martyn a real missionary at heart. He had learned that Brown and Buchanan were planning on keeping him in Calcutta to labor among the English, and he writes, "I almost think that to be prevented going among the heathen as a missionary would break my heart." He strained, too, at the leash of his enforced idleness:

> I feel pressed in spirit to do something for God. Everybody is diligent, but I am idle; all employed in their proper work, but I tossed in uncertainty. . . . I have hitherto lived to little purpose, more like a clod than a servant of God; now let me burn out for God.

David Brown arrived that day from Serampore. After being presented at the levee to Sir George Barlow, "who after one or two trifling questions, passed on," Martyn went with Brown to his lovely home at Aldeen. Here there were the large-hearted Mrs. Brown and a brood of children, and with them Martyn made his home for five months. He left behind an impression which made David Brown write of him, "a more heavenly-minded young man I never saw."

This wholesome home atmosphere was one of Martyn's greatest temporal blessings in India, and

a close friendship lasted with this family until his death. The children with whom he liked to play were a great source of relaxation to him, and it is a beautiful commentary on his own character that on returning to Aldeen on one occasion he writes of the "children jumping and shouting and convoying me in troops to the house."

His home while at Aldeen was a pagoda in the garden near the river. Indeed it was because of the encroaching stream that the god Radhabullub, former inhabitant of the shrine, had been removed. An uncanny place it was, this pagoda, with bricks on which many-armed gods flaunted their hideousness, and "it has so many recesses and cells that I can hardly find my way out." This former abode of an idol became a spot made sacred by much communion with God, and many were the prayers which its vaulted roofs heard.

Martyn's days were spent here in study with a Brahmin and a Moslem teacher; Bengali, Persian, and Hindustani now claimed most of his time. He had improved so much in Hindustani that he was able to point out mistakes in a translation of Genesis. The time on the boat in going to and coming from Calcutta was used in studying Hindustani roots. When not studying his beloved languages he wrote sermons for the Calcutta churches, for he preached

for David Brown both at St. John's and the Old Mission Church. The congregation at the latter place he thought "lively" and he enjoyed preaching to them; but at the former church he stirred up for himself bitter persecution as on the *Union*, because of his zeal for the whole Word of God as he knew it.

The congregation at St. John's included the elite of Calcutta, but even the presence of Sir George Barlow himself could not affect his message. He prepared himself for what he must face in preaching there:

> I knew what I was to be on my guard against—and therefore, that I might not have my mind full of idle thought about the opinions of men, I prayed both before and after, that the word might be for the conversion of souls, and that I might feel indifferent except on this score. The sermon excited no small ferment; however, after some looks of surprize and whispering, the congregation became attentive and serious.

And the sermon proved that he had obtained an anointing from on high. His text was, "But we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God" (I Cor. 1:23, 24). With the Governor-General on one side, the judges of the supreme court on the

other, and all the other officials of varying ranks, he unflinchingly told them the truth:

> Tremble at your state, all ye that from self-righteousness, or pride, or unwillingness to follow him in the regeneration, disregard Christ! Nothing keeps you one moment from perdition but the mere sovereign pleasure of God.

Such preaching could not go uncriticized, and persecution followed. But if he made some enemies he also increased his friends, for the mission-house of Serampore was only a few hundred yards from his pagoda, and warm were the friendships formed there. In Marshman especially he found a kindred spirit, and many were the conversations held with him in the weird pagoda, or as they paced the banks of the Hoogli.

It was Marshman's opinion that Martyn should remain at Serampore, study Hindustani, and be ready to take his and Carey's place; but interested as Martyn was in work of that kind, and earnestly as he desired the scholarship afforded by Cambridge for such an important task he felt that God's place for him was elsewhere.

An event which gave him much joy at this time was the arrival of two new chaplains, Parson and Corrie, the latter an underclassman at Cambridge who had been influenced by Martyn's example to answer the missionary call. It was good to see this

friend of Cambridge days and better to welcome him as a colaborer. To Corrie he could open his heart and relieve it of some of its burden, knowing that here was a trusted friend on whom he could rely. "Corrie came to me at the pagoda and prayed with me."

Martyn was deeply stirred by the sights of idol worship around him. On one occasion a funeral pyre was lighted not far from his pagoda. Attracted by the noise he rushed to the scene to find only the charred remains of husband and wife. On another occasion he went to visit the temple of the former inhabitant of his home:

> The way up to it was by a flight of steps on each side. The people to the number of about fifty were standing on the outside, and playing the instruments. In the center of the building was the idol, a little ugly black image, about two feet high, with a few lights burning round him. At intervals they prostrated themselves with their foreheads to the earth. I shivered at being in the neighborhood of hell.

During these months at Calcutta there were indications of what his future work would be. He had already started the translation of the Gospel of Matthew into Hindustani; and he was beginning to feel particularly concerned about the Mohammedans.

The thought of the Mohammedans and heathens lies very heavy upon my mind. The former, who are in Calcutta, I seem to think are consigned to me by God, because nobody preaches in Hindustani.

But above all he was realizing that his chief weapon was prayer. "After all, whatever God may appoint, prayer is the great thing. Oh, that I may be a man of prayer."

In the midst of this new life into which he entered so wholeheartedly—the fellowship in prayer at Serampore; the sharing of burdens, as when Marshman woke him to tell him that Sir George Barlow had prohibited Carey's distributing anymore tracts or sending out native brethren and "the subject so excited me that I was again deprived of necessary sleep," or the visiting *melahs* (gatherings of Hindus) when Marshman or someone else preached—there arrived letters from home—from Lydia, T. H. and Emma, Mr. Simeon, and Sargent.

Here one feels that Lydia deserves some blame. Altho her diary reveals that she suffered intensely —"Almost constantly do I remember my dear absent friend; may I do so with less pain"—yet not feeling free to give herself to Henry Martyn, she should have been strong enough to suffer in silence, and not to have stirred new hopes in his heart by sending letters after him.

A letter from her had the inevitable effect on him situated as he was, and he told his secret to David Brown who was so impressed with her letter that he used arguments which "appear so strong that my mind is almost made up to send for Lydia." Accordingly we find him next morning writing his first love letter, and he had to stay up till midnight to finish it.

The letter is a long one, for there were months of pent-up affection to be poured out and instructions too to be given in case she decided to go to him. But in reading it one is struck by its spirit of self-restraint, of concern that she should not suffer on his behalf, and of entire submission to whatever God would deem best. He tells her of Brown's advice to send for her, of his spending much time in consideration and prayer and

> Now with a safe conscience and the enjoyment of the divine presence I calmly and deliberately make the proposal to you—and blessed be God if it be not his will to permit it. . . . If he shall forbid it, I think, that by his grace, I shall even then be contented. . . . It can be nothing but a sacrifice on your part.

Then follow words to assure her loved ones that she will be well cared for, and that the climate is not as trying as they think. There are directions as to how she should proceed; she is to come by the February fleet—she did not get the letter until

March—on a boat on which there is a lady of high rank in the service, and is to consider herself as coming as a visitor of the Brown's and is to go to their home. She must take with her Gilchrist's *Indian Stranger's Guide* and learn some words on the voyage. There are messages to his friends and relatives in Cornwall (from whom he had had no word since his sailing from England), and at last he allows the lover in him to speak:

> You say in your letter that frequently every day you remember my worthless name before the throne of grace. This instance of extraordinary and undeserved kindness draws my heart towards you with a tenderness which I cannot describe. . . . I have now long loved you most affectionately, and my attachment is more strong, more pure, more heavenly, because I see in you the image of Jesus Christ.

Another letter followed a month later with a duplicate of his proposal, in case the original should be lost, and he also wrote to Charles Simeon of what he had done. The months that followed were full of dreams. "How earnestly do I long for the arrival of my dearest Lydia!" he writes her. "Tho it may prove at last no more than a waking dream that I ever expected to receive you in India, the hope is too pleasing not to be cherished till I am forbidden any longer to hope." Once more there is the mark of a disciplined soul, "You will not suppose, my dear Lydia, that I mention these little things to influence

your conduct. . . . I have no doubt that you will act as the love and wisdom of our God shall direct"; and his own desire is for the time forgotten in sympathy for others. "Yet how will my dear sister Emma be able to part with you . . . but above all your *mother?* I feel very much for you and for them."

It was well for him that his appointment came soon. He was ordered to Dinapore, near Patna, and his friends "met us at the pagoda for the purpose of commending me to the grace of God." On October 15, 1806, his Journal reads, "Took my leave of the family at Aldeen in morning worship" and "at eleven I set off in a budgerow" (a kind of barge). His friends were concerned about him and "alarmed about the solitariness of his future life," but for him there was only a strange exhilaration of spirit. Hopes of Lydia's coming were running high and it was joy to be off on his Master's business.

> I found my heaven begun on earth. No work so sweet as that of praying and living wholly to the service of God. . . . My soul never before had such divine enjoyment. . . . My joy was too great for my body. I was in actual pain. . . . How sweet to walk with Jesus—to love him and to die for him.

Chapter IX

"THE LOVE OF CHRIST CONSTRAINETH ME"

With a bounding heart and a zest for his work Henry Martyn set off for his station. He was accompanied by Brown, Corrie, and Parson for a few days; and Marshman also spent some hours with him as the house-boat went upstream towed by the rowing-boats. Because of bad weather his friends were obliged to leave him two days later. "So we spent the whole morning in a divine ordinance in which each read a portion of Scripture and all sang and prayed." And then for the first time since his arrival he was left entirely alone with the Indians.

A long journey stretched before him, for travel by budgerow was a leisurely business, and besides bad weather meant the anchoring in some sheltered creek. But there was nothing tedious in the journey to this enthusiast, for each new scene by the water's edge gave him another glimpse of the land of his choice. There were fields of rice which the wind moved into gentle waves as it blew over them, and groups of women in flowing saris with their black-eyed babies on their hips; there were glades of bam-

boo, cool and inviting, and here and there a sacred bull trod the path in lonely majesty.

There were opportunities for going ashore, and Martyn was off with his gun which supplied him with game "enough to make a change with the curry." He was constantly among the people, too, distributing tracts or portions of Scripture to as many as he could of the dense crowds that thronged the ghats and bazaars. "What a wretched life shall I lead," he writes, "if I do not exert myself from morning till night, in a place where, through whole territories, I seem to be the only light."

As one would expect, a good deal of his time was spent in language study, and he used every opportunity of talking with the people so as to improve his spoken language.

At last after six weeks of profitable travel he reached Patna and "walked about the scene of my future ministry with a spirit almost overwhelmed at the sight of the immense multitudes." The district that had been committed to his care included a stretch of territory on the banks of the Ganges fourteen miles long with the Mohammedan city of Patna as its center; and there were also the civil station of Bankipore, and the military Dinapore.

He arrived at a time when memories of the Patna massacre of 1763 were dying hard and the native

population was none too eager for spiritual service from one of the hated sahibs. The European population, too, had been unaccustomed to having any religious service whatever—the judge at Bankipore had married a Mohammedan wife and had built her a mosque—and they were opposed to his preaching to the natives. It is no wonder that after a survey of his situation he wrote to Aldeen, "I stand alone."

He must find a house, and for a time he occupied a barrack apartment, which he had to leave, however, when the hot season began. He then rented a bungalow in the cantonment square, which he later found became flooded in the rainy season. The largest room and verandas of this house he transformed into a church with rows of benches and a table behind which he stood, for there was no church-building at Dinapore, nor indeed at any of his stations. He reserved some of the smaller rooms for himself, and for the rest the house was occupied by his scribes, and teachers, and many strange guests.

Church services now began in earnest and Martyn wrote to David Brown, who once more attempted to have him appointed to the Old Mission Church, that he had a larger and much more needy congregation in his new station, and that "the evangelization of India is a more important object than preaching to the European inhabitants of Calcutta." To

the services came the soldiers and civil servants and their wives, for the most part a light and frivolous crowd, but there were a few who dared to follow Martyn's spiritual leadership. Among these were a Major Young and his wife and about six soldiers who gathered twice a week for Bible reading and prayer.

The days were full, for language study went on and there were hospitals to be visited, and he must go to Patna or Bankipore to perform a wedding ceremony. There were many funerals, too, for the climate and lack of sanitation took their toll; but through it all he toiled cheerfully, adding new burdens to his already heavy load.

Martyn was convinced that the children must be reached, and in accordance with plans which had been set afoot in other districts four free schools were established, one at each station. At first there was some opposition, for the former schoolmasters were jealous and spread tales that the children would all be made Christians, but this opposition was overcome, and with joy Martyn worked at a translation of the parables for use in the schools.

He also reached out a hand to a group hitherto regarded as "untouchables." It was part of the existing social system that with the East India Company's regiments there was a following of camp

women, Portuguese or Moslem for the most part. It was contrary to regulations for Martyn to perform the marriage ceremony for these women and the soldiers, but he felt that something must be done for them. So having obtained permission from the commanding officer he held a service regularly for them.

So the days passed on, and through them ran the thread of hope that Lydia would soon join him. "Thinking far too much of dear Lydia all day." And the nights too were haunted with dreams of her. "I dreamed that she had arrived; . . . I awoke, and sighed to think that it was indeed only a dream." Her answer did not come for some months yet, but in the meantime there were letters from the friends in Calcutta; and with Corrie, who had been sent as chaplain to Chunar farther up the Ganges, he carried on a constant correspondence, which because it could be frank and open-hearted was a good outlet for his feelings.

There began too during his stay at Dinapore what would now be regarded as a clerical club, instituted by Brown and Buchanan for the purpose of keeping the isolated chaplains in touch with the general missionary situation in India and of aiding in the translation of the Bible. Each member sent a report once a month, and with these were circulated other docu-

ments of interest. Great was Martyn's joy to receive these periodical budgets. His reports which he sent to Aldeen contained not only an account of his labors but questions which must have been stimulating to the others.

These letters meant much to him and helped to cheer him in his solitary life. His health had begun to fail. With the coming of the hot season, tuberculosis, of which he had had alarming symptoms before, made great inroads on his system. His Journal has frequent entries after this of loss of voice and appetite and of attacks of pain. "At the hospital was seized with such pain from overexertion of my voice, that I was obliged to leave off and go away." But ever mindful of others he writes to Corrie that "I feel anxious for your health," and to David Brown his faith speaks, "While there is work which *we* must do, we shall live."

To this man, working much beyond his strength and with his body being wasted by disease, news at last came from home. His sister Laura had died from consumption, and Sally's health was affected, but the greatest shock was the letter from Lydia. It was more than a year since he had written that first love letter, and how he had planned during these months! His house was being repaired, and the garden remodelled, and he had ordered a set of

queen's ware from England. Then the blow fell.

An unhappy day; received at last a letter from Lydia, in which she refuses to come because her mother will not consent to it. Grief and disappointment threw my soul into confusion at first, but gradually as my disorder subsided my eyes were opened, and reason resumed its office. I could not but agree with her that it would not be for the glory of God, nor could we expect his blessing, if she acted in disobedience to her mother. As she has said, "They that walk in crooked paths shall not find peace": and if she were to come with an uneasy conscience, what happiness could we either of us expect?

He immediately began in answer a letter which bears upon it the marks of a wounded soul, but the marks also of a soul submissive and disciplined:

My dear Lydia: Tho my heart is bursting with grief and disappointment, I write not to blame you. . . . But now with respect to your mother, I confess that the chief and indeed only difficulty lies here. Considering that she is your mother, as I hoped she would be mine, and that her happiness so much depends on you; considering also that I am God's minister, which amidst all the tumults of my soul I dare not forget, I falter in beginning to give advice which may prove contrary to the law of God. God forbid, therefore, that I should say, disobey your parents, where the divine law does not command you to disobey them; neither do I positively take upon myself to say that this is a case in which the law of God requires you to act in contradiction to them.

And his love for her overrides his own anguish:

In the midst of my present sorrow I am constrained to remember yours. Your compassionate heart is pained from

having been the cause of suffering to me. But care not for me, dearest Lydia. Next to the bliss of having you with me, my happiness is to know that you are happy.

In referring to this letter in his Journal the day he finished it he writes that it "was a sweet and tranquillising employment to me. I felt more submission to the Divine will, and began to be more solicitous about Lydia's peace and happiness than my own." He also wrote to Corrie, and to David Brown:

It is as I feared. She refuses to come because her mother will not give her consent. Sir, you must not wonder at my pale looks when I receive so many hard blows on my heart. . . The queen's ware on its way out to me can be sold at an outcry or sent to Corrie. I do not want queen's ware or anything else now.

The gnawing pain of the loss of Lydia continued with him day after day, "I seemed to be cut off forever from happiness in not having Lydia with me." But a new task was now his, and one indeed which was large and inviting enough to absorb all his attention and strength. In their plans for India, Brown and Buchanan had a great scheme for uniting all the talents and industry in India. They wrote to tell Martyn that his duty was to study Hindustani, Persian, and Arabic; and later the definite request came that he should translate the New Testament into Hindustani and also supervise its translation

into Persian and Arabic. To aid him in these last there were sent to him Mirza Muhammad Fitrat, a native of Benares, and Nathaniel Sabat, an Arab, who became members of his already oddly assorted household.

Brown and Buchanan must have known their man, or was it also that they had divine guidance in the choice of Henry Martyn for this task? He was undoubtedly particularly suited to it, for with the critical mind of the scholar he had the delicate ear of the linguist; and coupled with these qualities was a heart which yearned that the message of the gospel might be so accurately translated into other tongues that there might be no hindrance to souls' being won to God.

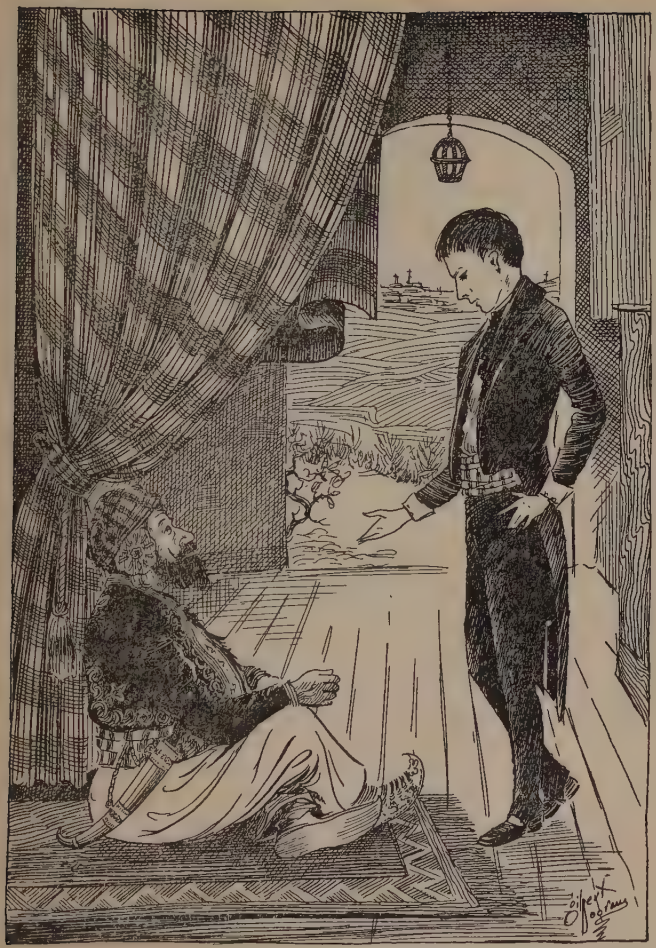
It seems in keeping with the rest of his life of self-denial that when at last the translation was printed he had died. True scholar that he was, he did not hope that "the first edition will be excellent" as "I have too little faith in the instruments"; but it is an outstanding testimony to the excellence of his work—and remembering how scant were any standard works on or in the language in his day, one wonders all the more—that the Mohammedans set it as a text-book in their schools in Agra, and that subsequent translations have been largely based on it.

These months of translations were not only fruit-

ful in the actual work done, but also in the training that he received for the future. His helper in the Arabic translation was a character of whom "tormenting" is the most adequate description. Sabat had been won to Christianity through the martyrdom of a former friend of his whom he had betrayed. Convicted by the forgiveness of his dying friend, Sabat could not rest until he had read the Bible for himself. This led to his acceptance of the Christian faith, but when he reached Dinapore he could hardly be described as a saint. An overwhelming pride in his ability and learning, and a temper which was liable to frequent and sudden outbursts, were among his outstanding traits. "Sabat has been tolerably quiet this week," writes Martyn, "but think of the keeper of a lunatic, and you see me."

Sabat's pride was particularly hard to deal with when it was a matter of translating, for "he did not come from Persia to India to learn Persian." But Martyn found that he needed constant watching, and indeed was convinced later that the final translation in Persian would have to be made in Persia itself. So he wrote to David Brown suggesting that he be allowed to go there.

But his training came especially in lengthy disputes with Sabat or Mirza and other Mohammedans on some text of Scripture or some doctrine. "At



"I WOULD LAY DOWN MY LIFE TO SAVE YOUR SOUL"

night, in a conversation with Mirza accidentally begun, I spoke to him for more than three hours on Christianity and Mohammedanism." On one occasion the moonshee (native interpreter) went to a learned native to get help in answering Martyn's argument against the Koran. In preparation for this dispute Martyn wrote to Corrie that "I have read the Koran and notes twice for this purpose, and even filled whole sheets with objections, remarks, questions, etc." But these were not merely disputes, for through them runs a deep interest for their souls. To Mirza he said one day, "I would lay down my life to save your soul," and despite of Sabat's trying ways he wrote, "He is very dear to me," and when Sabat was ill he lovingly cared for him.

And now in the hottest part of the year (April, 1809) Martyn was ordered to Cawnpore. He left his little flock with some degree of confidence:

> My men seem to be in a more flourishing state than they have yet been. About thirty attend every night. I had a delightful party this week, of six young men, who will, I hope, prove to be true soldiers of Christ. Seldom, even at Cambridge, have I been so much pleased.

Chapter X

THE MISSIONARY CHAPLAIN

From Dinapore to Cawnpore in the hottest of hot seasons. A strong man in perfect health would have hesitated before undertaking such a journey; but to a man in Henry Martyn's physical condition it bordered on suicide. He wrote afterwards to David Brown, "I transported myself with such rapidity to this place that I had nearly transported myself out of the world." He had indeed thought of staying with Corrie at Chunar until the cool weather came, for that station was on his way, but he was ordered to Cawnpore, duty lay there, and for him there was no need of further urge.

Mrs. Sherwood, wife of one of the military officers, now tells us the story of his arrival:

> It was in the morning, and . . . the desert winds blowing like fire without, when we suddenly heard the quick steps of many bearers. Mr. Sherwood ran out to the leeward of the house, and exclaimed, "Mr. Martyn!" The next moment I saw him leading in that excellent man, and saw our visitor, a moment afterwards, fall down in a fainting fit. He had traveled in a palanquin from Dinapore, and the first part of the way he moved only by night. But between Cawnpore and Allahabad, being a hundred and thirty miles, there is no resting-place, and he was compelled for two days and two nights to journey on in his palanquin, exposed to

the raging heat of a fiery wind. He arrived, therefore, quite exhausted, and actually under the influence of fever.

During the days which followed she carefully nursed him, and their home became for him another such retreat as Aldeen had been, and a place of restful friendships. The Sherwoods had no children alive. Two little babies had been given them, but the sweltering heat of India had snatched them away almost immediately. The mother-heart of Mrs. Sherwood had to pour out its affection on someone; so they adopted some orphans. Among these was Annie, a delicate girl with the unhealthy quietness of a child reared in a hot climate. Martyn, starved for companionship, found the nearness of this child a treat. Here too he was able to indulge his taste for music. Mrs. Sherwood tells us that he had an uncommonly fine voice and fine ear.

It was not long before Martyn began his pastoral duties, and he was delighted to find a small nucleus with which to work. There was in the Fifty-third Regiment a group of men who gathered in secret to read and pray. With the Sherwood's permission he invited these men to his apartment for a prayer-meeting, and he promised them that when he had his own house he would set aside a room for them where they could go every evening.

This promise was soon kept, for when he was

well enough to be about he purchased a house, which apparently did not meet with Mrs. Sherwood's approval, for she says it was "one of the most undesirable houses, to all appearance, which he could have chosen."

Apart from the friendship of the Sherwoods and the few "serious" soldiers there was little encouragement to be found in his new station. He says:

> I do not like this place at all. There is no church, not so much as the fly of a tent; what to do I know not, except to address Lord Minto in a private letter.

He had therefore to hold services on the open parade ground and at a time when he was still a sick man. On the occasion of his first attempt

> Two officers dropped down, and some of the men. They wondered how I could go through the fatigue. When I looked at the other end of the square which they had formed, I gave up all hopes of making myself heard, but it seems they did hear.

As at Dinapore, he opened his house to the soldiers who cared to come for Bible reading and prayer, and he usually spent two evenings a week with them. He also fitted up one of the rooms of his house as a church, and peaceful were the Communion and prayer services held there. But that could not accommodate a regiment, and he asked for the billiard-room, which was denied him; the

only place which could be spared for divine worship was the riding-school. "The effluvium was such as would please only the knights of the turf." The proposal for a church had been delayed, but at last he was able to persuade the authorities to remodel a bungalow near his for services. The alterations were begun, but the East moves slowly and the place was not ready for use until the end of his stay in Cawnpore.

The days were filled with translating, as usual, and no one could keep up with his seemingly untiring energy. It was as tho he realized that he was running a race with death. Besides this there were the schools and hospitals to be visited—"there are above a hundred men in the hospital. What time shall I find for doing half what ought to be done?" —and all the routine of marrying, baptizing, and burying.

After the "common round," Martyn was accustomed to take some recreation—the usual "airing" of an Indian afternoon.

The occasions on which he took someone in his gig were apt to be exciting for the guest for

> He never looked where he was driving, but went dashing through thick and thin, being always occupied in reading Hindustanee by word of mouth, or discussing some text of Scripture. I certainly never expected to have survived a lesson he gave me in his gig, in the midst of the plain at

Cawnpore, on the pronunciation of one of the Persian letters.

In the midst of these pleasant associations the Sherwoods left Cawnpore. A little daughter had come to them in August, 1809, and their past experience made them decide to go to Calcutta to get the advice of the best doctors as to whether or not she could be reared in India.

Their last day in Cawnpore arrived, and Martyn arranged one of the long verandas with a table with white cloth and the Communion emblems, and there were "hassocks on which to kneel, and a high form in front of the table." Here he administered the Communion to the Sherwoods and sixteen soldiers in a farewell service.

Then he saw them to their boats and returned to Cawnpore alone. The lack of companionship during the months that followed was oppressive. He had felt it his duty to rebuke some of the officers for swearing, and this increased their already unfriendly attitude.

And now as tho he had not enough to do, Sabat contrived to find him a new task. Martyn's compound was invaded daily by a mob of beggars. So many were they and so often did they come that he had to limit his gifts to one day a week. On Sunday they were allowed to enter the compound, and at

that time he distributed among them rice and coppers. "Your beggars are come: why do not you preach to them? it is your duty," said Sabat. Determined not to let any opportunity slip Martyn decided to do this, and on the following Sunday he preached to an audience of about four hundred.

The Sherwoods had returned to Cawnpore that month, as the doctors thought it unnecessary for them to go to England, and Mrs. Sherwood describes this new congregation for us:

> No dreams or visions excited in the delirium of a raging fever could surpass these realities. They were young and old, male and female, tall and short, athletic and feeble, bloated and wizened; some clothed in abominable rags, some nearly without clothes; some plastered with mud and cow-dung; others with matted, uncombed locks streaming down to their heels; others with heads bald or scabby; every countenance being hard and fixed, as it were, by the continual indulgence of bad passions; the features having become exaggerated, and the lips blackened with tobacco or blood-red with the juice of the henna.

This audience was not slow in expressing its feelings. At times as Martyn preached there were

> Shouts and curses and deep and lengthened groans, hissings and gestures till Mr. Martyn was compelled to silence. But when the storm passed away again might he be heard going on where he had left off, in the same calm, steadfast tone, as if he were incapable of irritation from the interruption.

No strong man could have done his work without feeling the effects of it, and his friends saw that disease was ravaging his body. When the Sherwoods returned he looked, they thought, very ill, and complained of what he called a "fire burning in his breast."

Soon he had to admit to himself and others that if he continued to live as he was doing an early death would be his. He wrote to David Brown, "I am sorry to say that my strength for public speaking is almost gone. My ministrations among the Europeans at this station have injured my lungs."

He hardly held a public service now without pain or loss of voice, and on Sunday after the four services of the day he suffered intensely. That spring (1810) news reached him of Sally's death; but amid his grief there was the joy of hearing from Lydia. She had decided to fill a sister's place if he would accept her offer. Gladly he did this and wrote to David Brown, "My long, long-lost Lydia has consented to write to me again." To her he wrote frankly of his condition:

> Study never makes me ill—scarcely ever fatigues me—but my lungs! death is seated there; it is speaking that kills me. Nature intended me for chamber-counsel, not for a pleader at the bar. But the call of Jesus Christ bids me cry aloud, and spare not.

It is evident that his friends in Calcutta did not realize how seriously ill he was, and they could not be blamed, for he mentioned his health only casually in connection with his work, but Corrie with the misgivings of a close friend felt that the situation was grave and that something must be done. He wrote suggesting to Brown that Martyn be prevailed upon to resign from the Company's service and devote his remaining strength to the translations. And not content with this, he went to Cawnpore.

It was as he feared. He found Martyn in a serious decline, suffering every evening from loss of voice and pain in his chest. He got permission from the General to leave Chunar and relieve Martyn. He and his sister moved to Cawnpore, she staying with the Sherwoods and he with Martyn. At first, with the rest from public services, Martyn improved, but after two weeks he continued to be as he was before. They urged him to take a sea voyage, but he refused, and Corrie guessed the reason. "The truth is," he wrote to Brown, "he expects the New Testament will soon be done in Arabic. Your applications for Arabic have set him to work anew with an ardor that nothing but death can repress."

Martyn himself was supremely happy with the turn events had taken. His dear friends were with him and he had been freed from the trying services

and so could give himself wholeheartedly to his beloved translations. His physical condition did not seem to give him much concern. "He spoke of being in a consumption in the tone in which most people would speak of a legacy," said Corrie. But he did not improve and at last they hired a pinnace and took him on the river.

But in spite of this change and rest he continued to grow worse and at last he decided to leave for a sea-voyage, tho the real cause of his going was probably that criticisms had reached him of Sabat's Arabic. If he were to go to Arabia, he would be better able to correct it, he thought. Accordingly he wrote David Brown asking his opinion, but not waiting for an answer sent another letter two days later (August 24, 1810):

> Henceforward I have done with India. Arabia shall hide me till I come forth with an approved New Testament in Arabic. I do not ask your advice because I have made up my mind. . . .
>
> So now, dear Sir, take measure for transmitting me with the least possible delay, detain me not, for the King's business requires haste. My health in general is good, but the lungs are not strong. One loud dispute brings on pain.

He was granted extended leave of absence by the General and bade farewell to his little flock and the friends who were so dear to him. That last Sunday was for him a day of triumph, for the bun-

galow that had been remodeled as a church was at last ready for use, and he preached the sermon for the opening service. Mrs. Sherwood tells us that the hectic glow of the consumptive was on his cheek and "a brilliant light shone from his eyes. He was filled with hope and joy. Most eloquent, earnest, and affectionate was his address."

His strength, however, was but the strength of excitement, for on reaching his bungalow after the service he fainted on the sofa. And yet there was another duty, for his beggars were waiting for their service:

> When the sun began to descend we went over to Mr. Martyn's bungalow to hear his last address to the fakeers. It was one of those sickly, hazy, burning evenings. Mr. Martyn nearly fainted again after this effort, and when he got to his house, with his friends about him, he told us that he was afraid he had not the means of doing the smallest good to any one of the strange people whom he had thus so often addressed.

But it was not only to a group of beggars that he had preached, for among them was a young Moslem, a sheikh and professor of Persian and Arabic, Sheikh Salih by name, who some time before had been attracted by the curious doings in the English sahib's compound. At first he had listened to the simple gospel story through idle curiosity, but it had gripped him, and unknown to Martyn he had hired himself

to Sabat as a copyist. One day the entire New Testament was entrusted to him to be taken to the printers. He kept it until he had read it all and until indeed his decision was made to adopt the Christian faith. He followed Martyn to Calcutta and was later baptized and became a faithful and efficient minister of the gospel.

And now Monday arrived, and with it the last farewells. Corrie had discovered Martyn in the act of burning his Journals and other notes and persuaded him to let him keep them in a sealed packet until he should return. He thus preserved for us the means we have today of knowing Martyn best.

To see Martyn go, realizing that it was probably forever, was more than they could stand. Corrie, who had fought to save him, was white to the lips. Martyn noticed his pallor, but believing it was due to overwork wrote him, "Your pale face as it appeared on Monday morning is still before my eyes, and will not let me be easy till you tell me you are strong and prudent."

Ever thoughtful of others, and with his mind set on the new task before him, he was gone.

Chapter XI

THE TRANSLATOR

We wonder what thoughts were Martyn's as his budgerow went down the Ganges on that long voyage to Calcutta. How different must his feelings have been from those which he had when nearly four years before he had undertaken the greater part of that journey to Dinapore. Then there was the romance of the unknown and the hopes of Lydia's coming; now many of his plans were shattered and his health broken.

But it was no pessimist who bade his friends goodby on that October morning, or who arrived in Calcutta some weeks later. Worn he was physically, and even changed somewhat mentally. David Brown remarked of him, "That is not the Martyn who arrived in India, it is Martyn the recluse"—but he had "the same loving heart" and still the children found his company a joy and a delight.

Martyn had promised Simeon years before to send him his portrait, and so now he had it painted while in Calcutta. Perhaps nothing gives us a better picture of the change in him than Simeon's attitude toward this portrait. He had gone to Leadenhall Street for it and

It was opened. . . . I could not bear to look upon it, but turned away and went to a distance, covering my face, and in spite of every effort to the contrary, crying aloud with anguish. . . . In seeing how much he is worn I am constrained to call to my relief the thought in Whose service he has worn himself so much.

The weeks in Calcutta were busy ones, for he must preach every Sunday, altho each sermon left him exhausted and in pain. His Journal entries are briefer hereafter, but he kept Lydia posted about all his doings and from these letters we learn of his movements.

When the time came to leave he went on board without saying good-by to any of his friends. "Leaving Calcutta was so much like leaving England," he wrote, "that I went on board my boat without giving them notice, and so escaped the pain of bidding them farewell."

After touching at Ceylon and Goa, where he visited the tomb of St. Francis Xavier, they reached Bombay, and Martyn was welcomed at the Government House. Here he met Sir John Malcolm, former ambassador to Persia, from whom he received a letter of introduction to Sir Gore Ouseley, the English ambassador there, and to some Persians of note. Malcolm's description of him to Ouseley tells that "his knowledge of Arabic is superior to that of any Englishman in India," and "he will give you

grace before and after dinner, and admonish such of your part as take the Lord's name in vain; but his good sense and great learning will delight you, whilst his constant cheerfulness will add to the hilarity of your party."

Until Martyn could get a ship he stayed in Bombay. During the week there were frequent discussions with Mohammedans and Parsees and others, and on Sunday he preached in the various churches. One of his sermons drew to him a ropemaker from England who "came and opened his heart and we rejoiced together," but his last sermon caused some of the criticism he had had in the past. It was thought to be a "reflection on the ministers of Bombay, which distressed me not a little."

At last he obtained a passage on the *Benares*, an East India Company's boat, of which he was made chaplain. He wrote Lydia that this sea-voyage was the most pleasant he had made, "as I have been able to pursue my studies with less interruption than when ashore." The translation of the New Testament into Arabic and a syllabus of ecclesiastical history were some of the things at which he worked.

The ship stopped at Muscat for water, and Martyn stood on Arabian soil. He was not very favorably impressed with it, for it seemed a land of "burning, barren rocks," and he seemed to have enjoyed

a conversation with a slave more than he did the sight-seeing.

They sailed from Muscat and after some days of rather stormy weather came at last (May 21) to Bushire, where Martyn presented his letter to the governor; and "we were hospitably received by the acting Resident. In the evening I walked out by the seaside to recollect myself, to review the past and to look forward to the future." He lost no time in getting the best opinion on the Persian and Arabic translations. He was delighted to find that Sabat's Arabic was pleasing and reliable. The most learned Arab in Bushire pronounced it very good. But the Persian translation was a failure. He asked a Persian to criticize it and he "pointed out several undeniable errors both in collection and words, and laughed at some of the Arabic words."

So the Persian translation was to be his task. He decided that there would be no better place for him than Shiraz. On May 30, 1811, in the hottest part of the year, he set out on horseback, having joined a caravan which was taking baggage to Sir Gore Ouseley. His friends in England would certainly not have recognized him as he set out on that journey, for he had let his beard and mustaches grow and had discarded European clothes for the Persian. A pair of baggy blue trousers, a chintz tunic and

flowing coat, red boots, and a conical Astrakhan cap completed the costume. His companion was an English soldier who had also taken off European dress, "and the novelty of our situation supplied us with many subjects for conversation for about two hours." His books were packed on a mule under the care of an Armenian servant, Zechariah, and they left the town of Bushire one fine moonlight night about ten o'clock.

It was customary to travel by night, for the temperature during the days often reached 126 degrees, and Martyn's artistic soul drank in the beauties of that first night's journey. The moonlight and the tinkling of the bells on the necks of the mules, but above all the plaintive song of the muleteer enchanted him.

> The first line was enough for me, and I dare say it set many others thinking of their absent friends. . . . The following is perhaps the true translation:
>
> Think not that e'er my heart can dwell
> Contented far from thee;
> How can the fesh-caught nightingale
> Enjoy tranquility?
>
> Forsake not then thy friend for aught
> That slanderous tongues can say;
> The heart that fixes where it ought,
> No power can rend away.

The next day's experience is best told in his own words:

At sunrise we came to our ground at Ahmeda, six parasangs, and pitched our little tent under a tree: it was the only shelter we could get. At first the heat was not greater than we had felt it in India, but it soon became so intense as to be quite alarming. When the thermometer was above 112; fever heat, I began to lose my strength fast; at last it became quite intolerable. I wrapped myself up in a blanket and all the warm covering I could get, to defend myself from the external air; by which means the moisture was kept a little longer upon the body. But the thermometer still rising, and the moisture of the body being quite exhausted, I grew restless, and thought I should have lost my senses. The thermometer at last stood at 126. . . . At last the fierce sun retired, and I crept out, more dead than alive. It was then a difficulty how I could proceed on my journey: for besides the immediate effects of the heat, I had no opportunity of making up for the last night's want of sleep, and had eaten nothing. However, while they were loading the mules, I got an hour's sleep, and set out, the muleteers leading my horse, and Zechariah, my servant, an Armenian of Ispahan, doing all in his power to encourage me.

For three nights he traveled on without sleep, and for three days endured the parching sun, and disease made greater strides in his body.

Our place of encampment this day was a grove of date-trees, where the atmosphere, at sunrise, was ten times hotter than the ambient air. I threw myself down on the burning ground and slept; when the tent came up I awoke, as usual, in a burning fever.

And now they began to climb the range of mountains leading to the Persian plateau:

> There was nothing to mark the road but the rocks being a little more worn in one place than in another. Sometimes my horse, which led the way, stopped as if to consider about the way: for myself I could not guess.

Giving his horse a free rein, he rode on more than half dazed with weariness and lack of sleep, which "rendered me insensible to everything around me." They came to a stretch of land where the pure air refreshed him—altho the thermometer stood at 110—and rested for the day at a caravanserai. The next night they climbed the second step of the ladder "and passed over a plain, where the cold was so piercing that with all the clothes we could muster we were shivering."

On and on they journeyed till eight in the morning, but when the halt was made he could not go to sleep; "there seemed to be a fire within my head, my skin like cinder, and the pulse violent." Through the day he lay in a summer-house beneath some cypress trees, tossing about in his sleeplessness, but the kafila did not travel that night and he was able to rest. . . . Another night's journey, and they reached Dustarjan:

> We pitched our tent in the vale of Dustarjan, near a crystal stream, on the banks of which we observed the clover and golden cup: the whole valley was one green

field, in which large herds of cattle were browsing. The temperature was about that of spring in England. Here a few hours' sleep recovered me in some degree from the stupidity in which I had been for some days. I awoke with a light heart, and said: "He knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are but dust. He redeemeth our life from destruction, and crowneth us with loving kindness and tender mercies. He maketh us to lie down in the green pastures, and leadeth us beside the still waters."

Two more nights of torturing travel when

Sleepiness, my old companion and enemy, again overtook me. I was in perpetual danger of falling off my horse, till at last I pushed on to a considerable distance beyond the kafila, planted my back against a wall, and slept I know not how long, till the good muleteer came up and gently waked me.

And then they reached the plain of Shiraz.

They camped outside the city in a garden and dined with Sir Gore Ouseley that evening. Next morning Martyn visited Jaffir Ali Khan, a noted citizen, to whom he had letters from Malcolm. He found that Malcolm's signature was a talisman which everywhere opened Persian hospitality to him. He was courteously welcomed and entertained.

After the long and tedious ceremony of coffee and pipes, breakfast made its appearance on two large trays; curry, pilaws, various sweets cooled with snow and perfumed with rose-water, were served in great profusion in China plates and basins, a few wooden spoons beautifully carved; but being in a Persian dress, and on the ground, I thought it

high time to throw off the European, and so ate with my hands.

But Jaffir Ali Khan did not only receive him hospitably; he bade him stay, accommodating him in his own house, and in his summer garden of orange trees and grapevines. To Martyn it was an opportunity for quiet meditation much longed for. "To read and pray at leisure seemed like coming home after being long abroad." Best of all, Jaffir Khan on learning of Martyn's mission, introduced him to his brother-in-law, who spoke the "purest Persian," and this brother-in-law offered his help.

So for a little more than a year this city of the poets Hafiz and Sadi sheltered him. During this time there was no idle day for Henry Martyn. He had a consuming passion to finish his task and produce a translation which was truly Persian. But this was not the only work which held his attention, for his visitors were innumerable and hours were spent in earnest dispute. Now a Jew turned Mohammedan argued with him; now a believer in Sufism; or it was "the prince's secretary who is considered to be the best prose-writer in Shiraz," or "two young men from the college, full of zeal and logic."

But the disputes were carried on not only in these informal ways for "as there is nothing at all in this

dull place to take the attention of the people . . . you may conceive, therefore, what a strong sensation was produced by the stab I aimed at the vitals of Mohammed," and Martyn was challenged to defend his faith publicly.

The first of these public controversies was with the Moojtahad (great Mohammedan divine) of Shiraz, who held the final court of appeal in the Moslem world.

And another such controversy took place with the Doctor of the Soofis. In addition to this there were defenses of their faith written by outstanding Mohammedans, to which Martyn replied, proving that union with God cannot be had by contemplation.

In Persia we get a complete picture of the Henry Martyn who was particularly the defender of the faith. Here and there in his Indian ministry we catch glimpses of this figure, a line here and another there, but the picture is but a dim and unfinished outline in comparison with this clear-cut silhouette of a figure who stands out alone and unafraid, refusing to compromise an iota of truth in a city where the governor ruled with a tyrant's hand and where his opponents held that the best way to answer his arguments was with the sword. Undaunted he writes, "If He has work for me to do I cannot die."

Tenaciously he held to the doctrine of the divinity

of Christ, for it was around this point more than any other that the controversies centered. "The more they wish me to give up this one point—the divinity of Christ—the more I seem to feel the necessity of it, and rejoice and glory in it. Indeed, I trust I would sooner give up my life than surrender it." And as he remained loyal to his Master, he became increasingly real to him. There are no more yearnings in his letters or Journal for the faith or the purity or the grace of a Kempis or Brainerd. It is Christ for whom his soul longs and in whom he would be swallowed up, and with Paul he cries out: "For me to live is Christ."

Yet withal there are the little touches that leave him human still. There is the constant longing for Lydia: "How continually I think of you, and indeed converse with you, it is impossible to say," and there are quaint little gleams of humor here and there: "Imagine a pale person seated on a Persian carpet, in a room without table or chair, with a pair of formidable moustachios, and habited as a Persian, and you see me."

At last the task was ended, and Martyn waited only until copies of the New Testament could be made suitable for presentation to the Shah and the Prince. As the time for his going drew near, his

friends gathered round him to hear him read the Bible once more.

Their attention to the Word, and their love and attention to me, seemed to increase as the time of my departure approached. Aga Baba, who had been reading St. Matthew, related very circumstantially to the company the particulars of the death of Christ. The bed of roses on which we sat, and the notes of the nightingales warbling around us, were not so sweet to me as this discourse from the Persian.

Chapter XII

A HALT BY THE WAY

At last the precious copies were ready, and not waiting to correct them, Martyn set out from Shiraz. His intention was to present the New Testament himself to the Shah, and so gain for it all the prestige of a book that had found favor at court. But this could not be done except through the British ambassador, who was at that time at Tabriz. So on May 11, 1812, as the gates were being closed, the caravan with which he was to travel left Shiraz. A long and tedious journey lay before him, for there were eight weeks of riding across the cold Persian plateau before Tabriz would be reached.

By night he rode, and by day he stopped at some caravanserai and passed the time correcting the manuscripts.

> Continued our journey through two ridges of mountains to Imanzadu: no cultivation to be seen anywhere, nor scarcely any natural vegetable production, except the broom and hawthorn. The weather was rather tempestuous, with cold gusts of wind and rain.

At Julfa, as was his custom, he sought out the bishops and priests and held long conversations with them. An Italian missionary "spoke Latin very sprightly, considering his age."

Martyn's soul was open to the beauties around him:

Soon after midnight we mounted out horses. It was a mild moonlight night and a nightingale filled the whole valley with his notes. Our way was along lanes, over which the wood on each side formed a canopy, and a murmuring rivulet accompanied us till it was lost in a lake. . . . We saw here huge snowy mountains on the northeast beyond Teheran.

A few days later they reached Teheran. Arriving two hours before daybreak they could not get in, and so "I spread my bed upon the high road, and slept till the gates were open." Here he visited the premier, who treated him with scant courtesy.

The Shah himself was camping a few days' journey from Teheran, and so Martyn decided that he would make an attempt to get into the august presence, altho there was no ambassador to introduce him. Accordingly

I attended the Vizier's levee, where there was a most intemperate and clamorous controversy kept up for an hour or two; eight or ten on one side, and I on the other. Amongst them were two moollas, the most ignorant of any I have yet met with in either Persia or India. It would be impossible to enumerate all the absurd things they said. Their vulgarity in interrupting me in the middle of a speech; their utter ignorance of the nature of an argument; their impudent assertions about the law and the Gospel, neither of which they had ever seen in their lives, moved my indignation a little.

Then the Vizier challenged him in a ringing voice to repeat the Mohammedan creed: "You had better say God is God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God."

It was a dramatic moment. One can see those faces full of religious bigotry turned toward the pale foreigner who dared to speak heresy in their very territory. But there was no quavering of the voice that answered the challenge, "God is God, and Jesus is the Son of God."

Then the storm broke loose about him. Anger and contempt spoke clamorously the most cutting abuses of the Mohammedan world; and some rising as tho they would tear him to pieces cried out, "He is neither born nor begets"; and another yelled, "What will you say when your tongue is burnt out for this blasphemy?" One is reminded here of another scene when a multitude cried, "Crucify him" of One who was about to pay their ransom with his blood. There is at least a slight parallel between that scene and this in that Martyn rejected and scorned by them had spent himself to give them in their own tongue the Word of Life.

My book which I had brought expecting to present it to the king, lay before Mirza Shufi. As they all rose up after him to go, some to the king and some away, I was afraid they would trample on the book; so I went in among them

to take it up, and wrapped it in a towel before them, while they looked at it and me with supreme contempt. Thus I walked away alone in my tent, to pass the rest of the day in heat and dirt.

With all this suffering nothing came of the visit, for the Vizier sent to tell Martyn that he could not see the Shah unless he was presented by the ambassador or had a letter from him. So in company with an English clergyman who was a member of the caravan he once more started on his journey.

Night after night they traveled, passing through walled villages and well-watered plains, and all the while his mind traveled farther to India or England where there were friends for whom he longed; and he thought of the many miles that lay between them and him. But "I comfort myself with the hope that my God has something for me to do, by thus delaying my exit." Then fever broke out among them. Mr. Canning, too, was stricken. Too ill to travel they "dragged through another miserable day," haunted by another fear, for their money was almost entirely spent, and if detained they would not have enough food to last them till they reached Tabriz. No one would lend them money, and it seemed that they would be reduced to the worst straits, but finally a poor muleteer from Tabriz became security

for them and they were able to get what they wanted.

For the next two days Martyn continued to suffer with ague and a high fever, and with such a headache that "I was almost frantic." But he found consolation and comfort in the promises of God as Mr. Canning read Ephesians to him. That night "I seemed about to sink into a long fainting fit, and I almost wished it; but at this moment, a little after midnight, I was summoned to mount my horse, and set out, rather dead than alive."

The nightmare journey continued. "All day I had scarcely the right recollection of myself from the violence of the ague." And now they have reached the edge of the plains and begun the steady climb up the mountains which bound Parthia and Media.

> At two in the morning we set out. I hardly know when I have been so disordered. . . . Soon after removing into the air I was seized with a violent ague, and in this state I went on till sunrise.

Once they almost lost him. He had ridden on ahead and had dismounted to rest in the shade of a bridge. The kafila forded the river without his noticing, and when later Mr. Canning, returning to look for him, saw the riderless horse his fears were of the worst. Fortunately Martyn rested, and more

wide-awake, appeared at this time from under the bridge.

Day after day passed with the same monotony; fever and ague and headache, and upon him fell the task of getting the caravan started at night. At last he could go no further without rest, and so sending a messenger to tell Sir Gore Ouseley of their arrival they halted in a neighboring village. On July 7, hardly able to seat his horse, he arrived at Tabriz at sunrise and "feebly asked for a man to show me the way to the ambassador's."

Sir Gore Ouseley and his wife received him with the greatest kindness, and the Ambassador seeing that he was in no condition to be presented at court promised to take the New Testament himself to the Shah. Not only this, but he had other copies made which he distributed to men of note at court who could influence the ruler, and later he supervised an edition of it in Russia. The translation received the warmest appreciation of the sovereign, which was expressed in a letter to Sir Gore.

For weeks Martyn lay in the Ambassador's home with a raging fever which would not abate. He had aroused himself sufficiently to write to Charles Grant asking for permission to return to England, and to Simeon and Lydia, telling them of his new decision. To Lydia from whom he had received a letter (the

only one that reached him) he tells something of his physical condition and lest she should look forward too much to his coming he says, "I must faithfully tell you that the probability of my reaching England alive is but small." But there is no repining note. "Whether I shall gain strength enough to go on, rests on our heavenly Father, in whose hands are all my times. Oh, his precious grace! His eternal unchanging love in Christ to my soul never appeared more clear, more sweet, more strong."

Simeon's letter is full of the work that lay so close to his heart. He rejoiced at hearing of so many "godly young men" ready for the work. "If I sink into the grave in India, my place will be supplied an hundred fold." There is advice too about a treatise: "Let not the book written against Mohammedanism be published till approved in India. A European who has not lived amongst them cannot imagine how differently they see, imagine, reason, object, from what we do."

Some weeks later two more letters were sent on their way to these friends of his—the last they were to receive from him. From them we learn that the fever had continued for about a month, and that the Ambassador and his wife tenderly cared for him; that he was sufficiently recovered to write his will

"with a strong hand" and that he intended to start shortly on that last fifteen hundred mile lap of his journey. It seems a pity that his friends in Tabriz could not persuade him to stay, for the town was a notably healthy spot, and he might have recovered sufficiently to have carried out his research work for Arabic manuscripts.

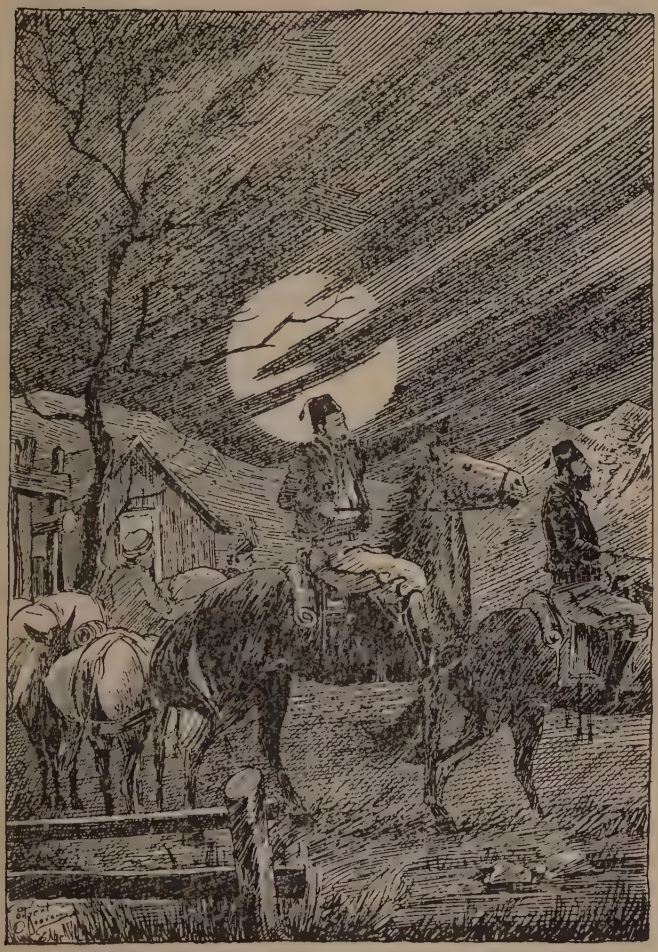
We feel sorry for Lydia and Simeon in those days of slow travel with those last letters before them. What anxiety must have been theirs as the weary months slipped by without any further news. He himself had written to Lydia: "Is it possible that we shall ever meet again below? Tho it is possible, I dare not indulge such a pleasing hope yet." And to them, that hope must have grown fainter and fainter as thoughts of the probable results of his journey loomed large in their minds.

Chapter XIII

THE LAST JOURNEY

The last stage of that journey which led him to God began on the evening of September 2, 1812. Sir Gore Ouseley had marked out for him his route to Constantinople and had given him letters to various men along the way who could help him. Another provision which the Ambassador would have made to assist him, that of getting an order from the prince to have him supplied with post-horses along the way, he refused. He explained to Lydia that post-horses were the result of a heavy levy made on the poor people and that he could not use this means for his own comfort at such a price.

So buoyed up by "the delightful thought of being brought to the borders of Europe," he started out with his little company of two Armenian servants and a Tartar guide. The first few days of the journey were pleasant ones, for Martyn had all the keen sense of the convalescent and the scenery about him afforded him much delight. "The plain of Tabriz stretches away to an immense distance bounded by mountains so remote as to appear from their soft blue to blend with the skies." He looked around him



THEY STARTED AGAIN AT MIDNIGHT

especially toward "the distant hills, with gratitude and joy."

The next day at sunrise he was off, traveling till eleven o'clock through the mountain pass to Murun, where they stopped to change horses. The accommodation here was the usual three-walled post-station built near the stable, which cut the journey in stages of twenty to twenty-five miles. Not wanting to be in a place so exposed he was shown to a part of the stable partitioned off and the "smell of the stable . . . was so strong that I was quite unwell."

They started again at midnight, and the cool, pure air revived him. He "beguiled the hours of the way by thinking of the Fourteenth Psalm." Indeed his interest in the Hebrew of the Psalms saved him from many a lonely hour on that journey. "I scarcely perceived that we were moving, a Hebrew word in the Sixteenth Psalm having led me gradually into speculations on the eighth conjugation of the Arabic verb." And again, "All day on the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Psalms, and gained some light on the difficulties."

Soon they came to the river Araxes.

> The ferry-boat being on the north side, I lay down to sleep till it came; but observing my servants do the same, I was obliged to get up and exert myself. It dawned, how-

ever, before we got over. The boat was a huge fabric in the form of a rhombus. The ferryman had only a stick to push with; an oar, I dare say, he had never seen or heard of, and any of my train had probably never floated before. . . . We landed safely on the other side in about two minutes.

On he went without any breakfast, for the baggage was delayed and now he caught sight of a "hoary mountain . . . rising so high above the rest that they sank into insignificance." It was Ararat, and for sometime after he thought of the Flood and of God's promise "that seed-time and harvest should not cease" and imagined that here or there Noah found a resting-place and offered his sacrifices; and he breathed a prayer that "so may I, safe in Christ, outride the storm of life, and land at last on one of the everlasting hills!"

A few more days passed, during which they lost their way and the baggage horse got into a stream and spoiled some of the books; a halt at Shurour, where he was lodged in a "winter room" built over the stable so as to get the warmth from the animals —"at present, while the weather is still hot, the smell is at times overpowering" — and then they stopped at Erivan, where Martyn called on the governor.

As the horses were not ready he rode on ahead to Etchmiatzin and visited the Armenian priests.

Here he spent two pleasant days enjoying particularly the companionship of a young Armenian priest, Serope, his own age, who talked much with him on plans for bettering the condition of the Armenians. The Patriarch impressed him as having "a dignified rather than a venerable appearance."

Serope helped him to make preparations for his journey, as passing into Turkish territiory he would find the way more difficult. Martyn found that much of the expensive preparation made at Tabriz was useless; the "portable table and chair, several books, large supplies of sugar, etc.," had to be left behind, and a sword was added to his equipment, as the roads were infested with robbers.

They left Etchmiatzin at six one morning accompanied a short distance by Serope and others of the monastery, one of whom, a trusty servant, went all the way to carry Martyn's money. Another day's journey and they crossed the Araxes again, and at the place where it is thought that Xenophon led over his ten thousand Greeks Martyn undressed and plunged into the stream. After "many a tedious mile" they reached Turkish territory.

> The great man of the village paid me a visit; he was a young Mussulman, and took care of all my Mussulman attendants; but he left me and my Armenians, where he found us . . . . . I was rather uncomfortably lodged, my

room being a thoroughfare for horses, cows, buffaloes, and sheep. Almost all the village came to look at me.

Still pushing on they rode into Kars, which seemed to him very European, and for once he enjoyed the comforts of a good room in an Armenian's home. During the journey that followed the Tartar guide showed his real nature.

He presently began by flogging the baggage-horse with his long whip, as one who was not disposed to allow loitering; but one of the poor beasts presently fell with his load at full length over a piece of timber lying in the road. . . . The Tartar rode forward and got the coffee-room at the post-house ready. . . . . It was evident that the Tartar was the great man here; he took the best place for himself; a dinner of four or five dishes was laid before him. When I asked for eggs they brought me rotten ones; . . . . The idle people of the village came all night and smoked till morning. It was very cold, there being a hoar frost.

A delightful day's journey through a forest followed and then

A long and sultry march over many a hill and vale. In the way, two hours from the last stage, is a hot spring; the water fills a pool, having four porches. The porches instantly reminded me of Bethesda's pool: they were semicircular arches about six feet deep, intended seemingly for shelter from the sun. In them all the party undressed and bathed.

But now the rigors of the journey began to tell on Martyn's weakened frame and he records "I was attacked with fever and ague." Loss of appetite

and constant headaches followed and "I was near fainting from sickness." On October 1 they had news that the plague was raging in Tokat. To increase his pain and anger Hassan Aga, the Tartar, seemed urged on by some demon to ride him to death.

In the night Hassan sent to summon me away, but I was quite unable to move. Finding me still in bed at the dawn, he began to storm furiously at my detaining him so long, but I quietly let him spend his ire, ate my breakfast composedly, and set out at eight. He seemed determined to make up for the delay, for we flew over hill and dale to Sherean, where we changed horses. From thence we traveled all the rest of the day and all night; it rained most of the time. Soon after sunset the ague came on again, which, in my wet state, was very trying; I hardly knew how to keep my life in me.

They arrived at Munzil at break of day, but the Tartar would not tarry here, for he had ridden a horse belonging to a man of the village to death some little time before and was afraid of being arrested. On and on they went, until at night Martyn dismounted, sat on the ground and told the Tartar, "I neither could nor would go any farther. He stormed, but I was immovable." He secured lodging in a stable-room and

Hassan and a number of others planted themselves there with me. My fever here increased to a violent degree; the heat in my eyes and forehead was so great that the fire

almost made me frantic. I entreated that it might be put out, or that I might be carried out of doors. Neither was attended to; my servant, who, from my sitting in that strange way on the ground, believed me delirious, was deaf to all I said. At last I pushed my head among the luggage, and lodged it on the damp ground, and slept.

One can hardly bear to look on the picture of this dying man being harried to death. But the inhuman task was not yet complete, and so next morning

The merciless Hassan hurried me off. The Munzil, however, not being distant, I reached without much difficulty. . . . . I was pretty well lodged, and felt tolerably well till a little after sunset, when the ague came on with a violence I had never before experienced; I felt as if in a palsy, my teeth chattering and my whole frame violently shaken.

Two friendly Persians gave me some help.

While they pitied me, Hassan sat in perfect indifference, ruminating on the further delay this was likely to occasion. The cold fit, after continuing two or three hours, was followed by a fever, which lasted the whole night and prevented sleep.

And now we come to the last entry in his Journal made on October 6. He was almost at the end of that journey which all of us travel. A short journey it had been for him. For only thirty-one years he had lived. But since his conversion he had poured out at the feet of the Master whom he adored the riches of a deep affection and all the power of an energetic soul. Of him the saying is abundantly

true that "we live in deeds, not years," for there are few other lives which have in so short a time accomplished so much for God.

Henry Martyn cannot point to hundreds being won to the Lord through his preaching as can a Carey, nor can he speak of undiscovered territory laid open for the gospel as a Livingstone can speak, but his life was the incentive which drove a Corrie and a Thomason to give their lives to India's people, and still it continues to compel with an irresistible urge those who are humble enough and surrendered enough to "follow in his train."

An estimate of this life would be lacking if it failed to show that there is no conflict between true scholarship and true spirituality. There are few today who have attained in their particular field the same degree of excellence which Martyn reached in the study of languages and in his translations. There are few who have a keener sense of the beautiful or who are more interested in things purely intellectual; and there are correspondingly few who have gone further than he in the life of entire surrender and self-denial and the exploration of that phase of the Christian experience which we term the mystical. To this man who delighted in the contemplation for hours of a Hebrew letter, there was a deeper delight in the hour spent in communion with God; to him

whose soul the music in King's Chapel moved and the sublimity of Mt. Ararat affected there was an infinitely deeper enjoyment in pouring out his life in service to a Sabat who tormented him, or to a Mohammedan world that scorned and jeered at him.

His works are true monuments which will keep him alive wherever the gospel is preached. The short span which was his in which he produced a Hindustani translation of the New Testament which still lives, a Persian New Testament which formed the basis for all future translations, and a Persian Psalter which has become the nucleus of a translation of the entire Old Testament, gives reason for the remark of Canon W. J. Edmonds: "I know of no parallel to these achievements of Henry Martyn."

And so we leave him beneath the fruit trees of a Turkish orchard.

No horses being to be had, I had an unexpected repose. I sat in the orchard and thought with sweet comfort and peace of my God, in solitude my Company, my Friend, and Comforter. Oh! when shall time give place to eternity! When shall appear that new heaven and new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness! There, there shall in no wise enter in anything that defileth: none of that wickedness which has made men worse than wild beasts, none of those corruptions which add still more to the miseries of mortality, shall be seen or heard of anymore.

What happened during the ten days that elapsed when he was too weak to write we know not. From Sergius, his Armenian servant, who hastened to Constantinople to deliver his master's goods, it was learned that he had died on October 16 in Tokat and that his Armenian brethren had buried him. How death came to him, whether by plague or as a result of that murderous ride is unknown, but we remember that to a dying Moses on Nebo's height a loving God came, and we are made to feel that about the last earthly dwelling-place of this dying saint there hovered the overshadowing Presence of the Lord for whom he had "suffered the loss of all things."

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